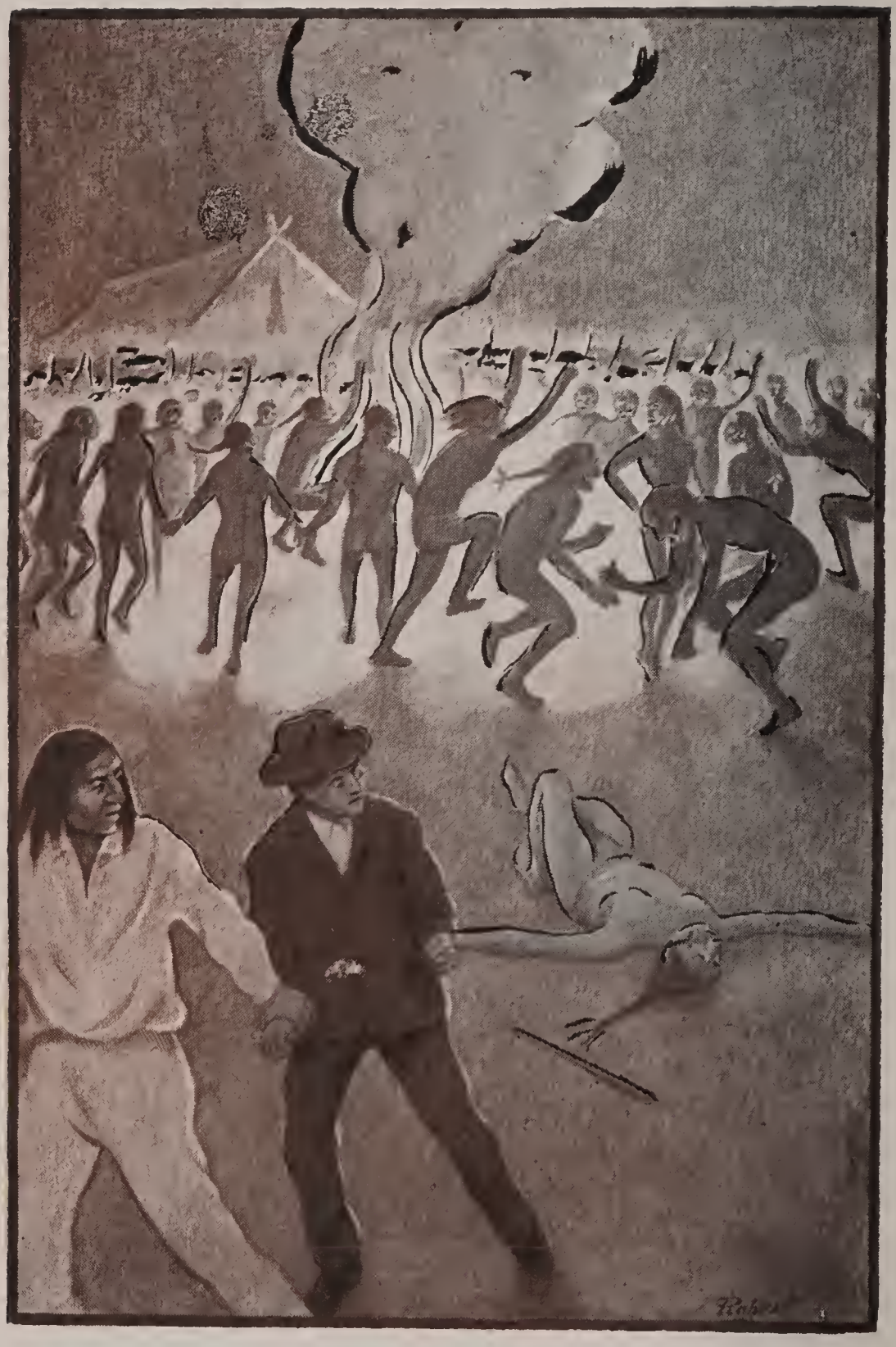
CHARLEY CIRCUS

Among the Indians of Brazil

William James Morrison

Charlie Circus.



THE INDIAN FEAST DANCE

MORRISON'S SYSTEM OF NATURAL HISTORY STORIES

CHARLEY CIRCUS

Among the Indians of Brazil

BY

WILLIAM JAMES MORRISON

NASHVILLE, TENN.; DALLAS, TEX.; RICHMOND, VA.
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THIS WORK IS DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND

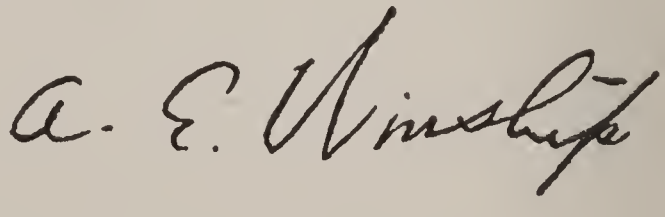
DR. J. Y. CRAWFORD

Who, with his matchless intellect and untiring energy in the advocacy of the scientific care and treatment of children's teeth, has thereby saved the little folks of this generation, as well as the little ones of generations to come, untold pain and suffering

INTRODUCTION.

One of the vital problems of the day is the reading for boys who are not inclined to books, and the solution is perplexing. Mrs. H. H. Heller, of Omaha, who has had a long experience in the management of boys, said: "We need, most of all, books that boys will read who will not read books." The truth of this statement made me grasp at every boy's book that floated by, hoping to find a book with a message for the boy who is not looking for a message. And it was not until Dr. Morrison, of Nashville, told me of the way in which he was telling stories to the children that a real hope for a book of ideal children's stories floated my way. Dr. Morrison was encouraged to find a publisher, and the first set of storybooks brought out were known as the "Willie Wyld Series." That they were a success was not surprising, for this series challenged the attention of parent and teacher; for he had told these stories time and time again to the children, and he had the genius to put them in print without loss in the telling. A sort of mental goose flesh crept

over me when I received a copy of this book, for I was afraid the work would not come up to what had gone before. But the exhilaration has been most refreshing, for this book has had an increased relish literally—an intensified relish—and will impel boys to read it who are not bookish. No other word expresses it—a "relish" for these real boy-life stories, thrilling with experiences, shuddering with adventures, laughing at situations, falling in love with comrades, and idolizing heroes. Boys—all boys, whether young or old—relish the books in which Dr. Morrison reveals the wonders of natural history and tells of the strange customs of the people in foreign lands.



Boston, Mass.

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CHARLIE CIRCUS.

First Evening.

WHEN I was a little boy with the circus I helped old man Charlie feed and care for the parrots and monkeys, and I cut so many shines with my pets and played so many tricks on old man Charlie that the show people called me Charlie Circus.

Two of my uncles who were trappers and trainers for a menagerie always took me with them when they went to the forest or mountains in search of wild beasts. I enjoyed the wild life of a hunter; and as I had to climb mountains, take long walks, and live in the open air, I grew to be as strong as a man. When we went over the country with the show, I had to do as much work as any of the men.

One day my Uncle John told me that he was

going to Brazil; and it is about this trip that I am going to tell you children. Uncle John was going to that country to trap jaguars, tapirs, alligators, monkeys, cowfish, snakes, and other animals that he could use in the menagerie. Uncle William was going, although he did not intend to trap animals. He said that he intended to hunt diamonds, as in those days Brazil was the greatest diamond country in the world. Both of my uncles said that I could go along.

Although I loved my pet animals, it is no fun being with a circus; for there is plenty to keep a boy busy, and very often I had to work all day and all night. Therefore I was so anxious to be off on our journey that it seemed to me the time would never come for us to start. But at last they took me on board a large vessel about to sail for Brazil. It was very cold. Great blocks of ice floated in the water, and from time to time the waves dashed some of these against the vessel with an awful crash.

Uncle John knew Captain Paul, who had command of the ship, and I was introduced to him and his little daughter, Mary Cecil. She had long golden curls, big blue eyes, and the prettiest red lips and white teeth you ever saw. She wore a sealskin jacket and carried a seal-

skin muff in her hand. I thought she was beautiful, and as we walked to the other side of the ship I told her that her furs were handsome and just the thing for cold weather.

Mary Cecil thanked me and replied: "My father had them made from the skin of a seal that he killed up north in a country where the ice and snow never melt. The country is so far north that the day is six months long, and the night lasts six months. Some people think

THE SHIP AND THE TUGBOAT.

that Santa Claus lives up in that part of the world. I should not be surprised if he did, for father told me that he saw a large number of reindeer running over the snow and ice the day he killed the seal."

While Mary Cecil was talking a big bell tapped, a whistle blew, and the people who were not going to Brazil told their friends good-by and went back to the shore. The ropes

that held the ship to the land were unfastened, and the boat began to move. A little steamboat that, to me, did not look larger than a barrel was pulling on a rope tied to our ship. Mary Cecil told me that it was a tugboat and that it would have to pull our ship into deep water and away from all the other vessels before we could run without help. I asked if her father was not afraid to take his ship out into the ocean where such huge blocks of ice were floating. "O, no," she replied; "for we can keep out of their way during the day, and before night we shall be so far south that the warm water and sun will have melted them. Why, in four or five days the ship will take us to a climate where it will be so hot that I shall have to pack my furs away in the ice box and put summer clothes on. You will have to take off that big overcoat, put that fur cap away, and go in your shirt sleeves."

Our vessel was leaving the land so far behind that it was not long before the shore looked like a mere line, and then it disappeared. Away out on the ocean I could see a lonely ship with a tall mast. It was anchored to the bottom of the ocean and bobbed up and down on the waves, for it could not float away. Mary Cecil

told me that it was a lightship and that a man lived on it, and at night he would put a big light on the tall mast. Before this ship with the light on it had been anchored to the rocks several vessels had been wrecked there, and many people were drowned. But now the sailors on ships like ours can see the light at night and keep away from the rocks. It is a very lonely life for the men who live on these lightships, so lonely that they sometimes go crazy.

As there was nothing to look at but miles and miles of salt water around the ship and the blue sky overhead, I wanted to go down into the bottom of the vessel to see the engines and boilers. Mary Cecil did not wish to see them, but told me to go with my Uncle John. We went down a long, greasy ladder to a place where men were shoveling coal into a fire under large boilers. The heat made the water in the boilers into steam. The steam made the engines turn the paddle wheels round and round, which pushed the ship through the water. It was so hot down in the boiler room that some of the men were stripped to the waist, and others were almost naked.

When we came up from the bottom of the ship and went out on deck, Uncle John was as

white as a sheet. He said: "I feel so sick; I shall have to go to bed for a while."

Mary Cecil then took me into the little glass house on the roof of the ship called the pilot house. She told me that the man at the big wheel used it to steer the ship. He could look at the stars by night or the sun by day and tell how to take the ship to South America.

Suddenly I had to ask the little girl to excuse me. I ran out of the pilot house to the side of the ship and looked over into the water as if I were looking for little fish, but I was not. I was sick—O, so sick! Mary Cecil laughed at me, for she knew that the rocking and plunging of the ship had made me seasick. I did not think it a bit funny; and, going to my little room, I climbed up on a kind of shelf with a bed on it called a berth. I was so sick that I wished the big engine would break down, for I felt that if the ship would stop rocking and plunging I would get better.

I did not know when I went to sleep; but I awoke to find that the little room was too hot, so I went out on deck and saw that it was nearly morning. The stars were shining, and in the salt water around the ship the reflection of the stars seemed to dance on the waves; but

they disappeared as the sun rose like a big ball of fire. If all the oranges in the world had been made into one big orange, it could not have looked as large as the sun did on that morning. The cool sea air made me feel well again, and as I watched the beautiful sunrise I forgot that I had been sick. I walked to the front of the ship and looked over the bow at the white-capped waves that were chasing each other, and as the ship plowed through them it drove a fine mist high into the air.

One of the ship's men, called the lookout, stood ready to tell the pilot in the glass house when he saw a vessel or any other object out on the ocean. Near us, on a blanket, lay a woman and child. I asked the lookout why the woman and child were sleeping on the deck in the cold morning air. He told me that the doctor ordered her out into the fresh air, as she had been taken very sick after getting on the ship. "She is a Mrs. Flower, and is on her way to Para, in Brazil, to meet her husband," he said; "but I am afraid she will never see him." In a few moments the ship's doctor came out with some medicine, but as soon as he looked at the woman he went back and called the captain.

Mary Cecil came out with her father, and I went with them over to where the woman lay. The doctor said: "Captain, the woman is dead. The child must be cared for." Mary Cecil picked up the child and ran with it to her mother. "It is very sad, doctor," said the captain, "to see a mother taken from her child. But we must make ready for the burial."

One seaman was told to bring some sailcloth and make a big bag. Another was told to bring some heavy weights. When the bag was made the weights were put in the bottom of it. The bag was then slipped over the dead body, like you would put a pillowcase over a pillow, and the bag was then sewed up. The weights were put into the bag to make it sink to the bottom of the ocean. When all was ready, the passengers gathered around while the captain read some prayers, and the seamen let the body slide down from the side of the ship to a watery grave.

After breakfast we put aside the sorrow of the morning, and I told Mary Cecil about what I did in the circus.

I am afraid that I have now told you children more than you can remember until our next evening.

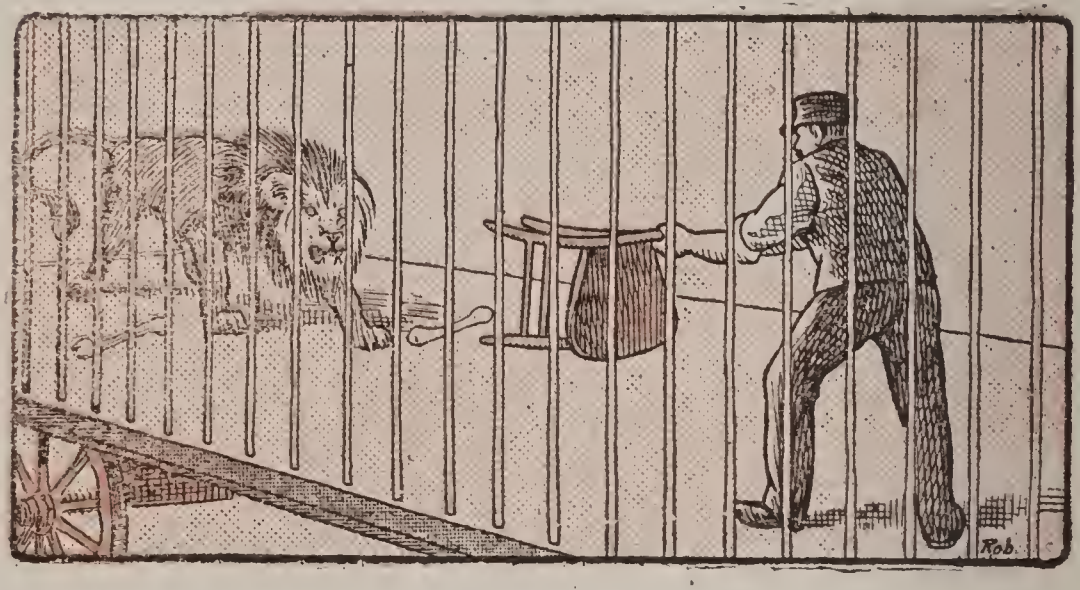
Second Evening.

YOU remember Mary Cecil asked me about what I did when I was with the circus. I told her that circus people like to get boys and girls when they are little, in order to teach them horseback riding, tight-rope walking, and trapeze acting. It is easier to learn these acts when young. Though it is a hard life for children, I was always well treated because my uncles were with me, and I was lucky enough never to get hurt.

During the cold winter weather we put all our animals into big houses or tents, and we teach them new tricks while we wait for the springtime to come. I had to train some of my dogs how to play policeman and take other dogs to jail. I taught some to run with the little fire engine and ladder trucks to a playhouse on fire and put out the fire. Others were trained to ride ponies and run races. The big dogs were taught to play that they were horses, and were

ridden by little pet monkeys. I loved them all very much, and had to kiss some of the little ones good-by when I left to go to the ship. It takes a long time to teach dogs some tricks; but you are not in danger of being killed, as is the case when training wild animals.

I remember one day, when I was feeding my monkeys, I heard the big African lion give such



THE MAD LION.

an awful roar that the monkeys trembled with fear. I looked at the lion's cage, which was on the other side of the tent, and there I saw Uncle John standing in one end of the cage holding a common, wooden-bottom chair with the legs pointed at the lion. The mad beast was at the other end of the cage snarling and lashing his

tail. My heart seemed to stand still as Uncle John walked slowly backward in the direction of the door. I knew that if he stopped looking the lion straight in the eye or did not keep him

THE MONKEY GETS MY HAT.

scared with the chair legs the lion would spring upon him and tear him to pieces. I took a long breath when I saw Uncle John slip through the

door of the cage and shut it behind him. You would not think that a big lion would be afraid of chair legs, would you? Well, he is, because to him the legs look like the horns of an animal, and the lion is afraid they will kill him if he should jump on them.

I was about to tell of a lion that had killed his trainer when Mary's Cecil's pet monkey slipped down a rope that was hanging over my head, jerked off my hat, and threw it out into the ocean. The monkey then ran to the top of the ship's mast, grinning and chattering as if he thought he had done something funny.

We were watching the hat as it floated on the water like a turtle when a number of whales came up out of the ocean to get their breath. With a blowing noise they sent what looked like a stream of water or vapor high into the air. It reminded me of the big fountains that I had seen in the parks. I asked Mary Cecil if she knew how they blew the vapor and water so high in the air. "Yes," she replied. "The whale must have the same kind of air we breathe, and before he can get his breath he must blow all the bad air and vapor out of his lungs. He does this through his blowhole, as his nose is called, and makes the fountains you

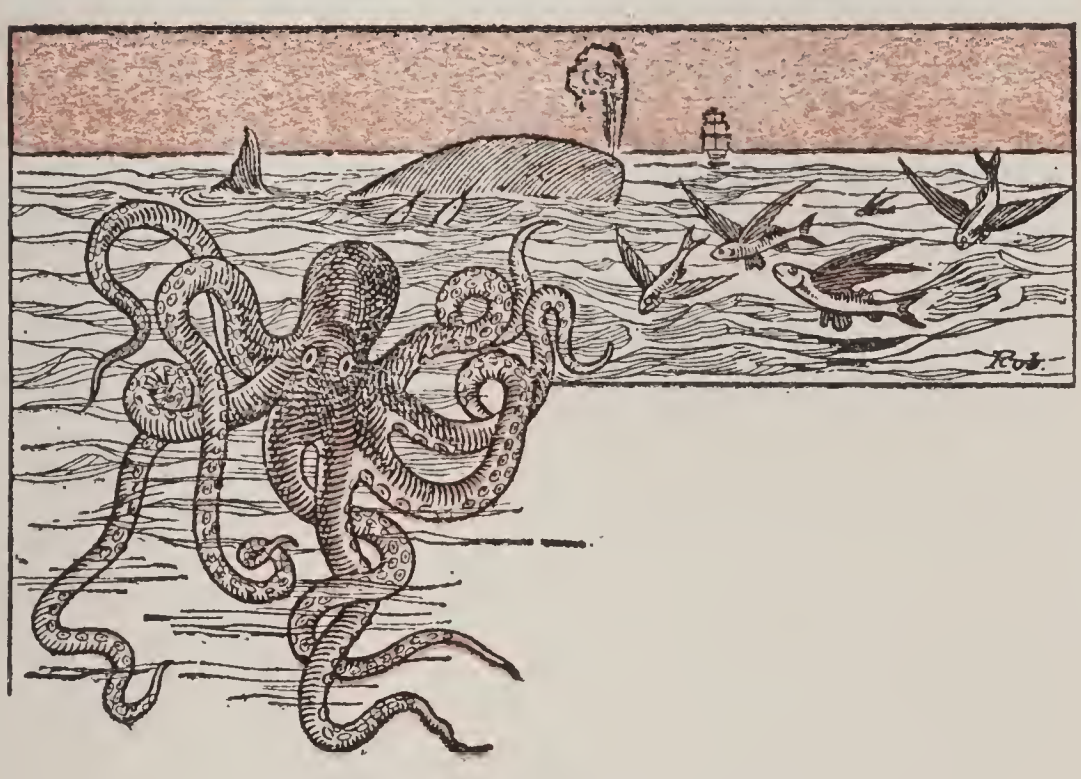
see. Some people say that whales could live on land like other animals if they could get enough of the kind of food they like and could get enough water to drink."

A shark made a rush at one of the whales and bit a mouthful of meat out of his side. Then other sharks did the same thing until the water was bloody. The whales disappeared, and we saw a number of fish with finlike wings fly up out of the water and, in a few minutes, dart back again. I knew that they were flying fish, because I had seen pictures of them. I had also read about big fish called porpoises, that were now playing around the ship. They were cutting all kinds of capers. While I was laughing at the way the porpoises jumped up into the air and slapped each other with their fin tails Mary Cecil called me. "Do you see that little mackerel?" she asked. "That is called a pilot fish, and it is showing that big young shark the way to the ship, that it may eat whatever is thrown into the water. When the ashes or cinders are thrown into the sea, the shark sometimes gets his big mouth full of them. He does not like that, and will get the little fish to take him somewhere else to hunt food. I do not know whether there is any truth

in the story or not, but the sailors say that, as strange as it seems, this big shark would get lost in the waters of the ocean and starve to death if the little pilot fish did not lead him from place to place to find food."

We were now so far south that Jack Frost was no longer in the air. The wind that now blew in our faces was as warm and pleasant as in springtime. The captain explained that one reason why the air was so pleasant was that the wind was blowing over a river of warm water that flows through the ocean just as rivers do on land. "This river," he said, "is called the Gulf Stream; and when we come to it the ship will be several hours in crossing, for the stream of warm water is about sixty miles wide. This big river starts on its long journey from a body of warm water in the south and flows on and on through the ocean to warm the air for cold northern countries. I do not understand how it is that this warm river flows through the water of the ocean. But we do know that if it should get mixed in with the ocean and stop going north it would be dreadful for the people that live up there; for they could not then raise enough to eat, because there would be no warm winds to drive Jack Frost away."

That night as I stood on deck I saw out in the ocean not far from the ship a fish as large around as a barrel, with eight big arms longer than fishing poles. It was shining all over as if it had a light on its inside, and its big eyes were shining like a cat's eyes in the dark. When I pointed it out to Mary Cecil she said: "O that is a devilfish. It is sometimes called



SOME OF THE THINGS WE SAW.

an octopus or cuttlefish. It has on each one of those long arms one hundred and twenty cups, or suckers. It is said that sometimes it goes out on land to hunt food; and if a man comes near enough to it, it will wrap its long arms

around him, fasten on its sucker cups, and try to drag the man into the ocean. The only way to get loose from the fish is for some one to kill it and then cut off its long arms. Even after the fish is dead the sucker cups will not turn loose, and each one has to be prized off. If it were daytime and the ship could come near enough to scare him, you would see him fill the water all around his body with ink from his ink bag. He does this to keep any one from seeing him or knowing in what direction he goes."

The next day was so warm that I went on deck in my shirt sleeves. I found Mary Cecil dressed in a white sailor suit and hat. While we were enjoying the delightful weather we saw some fish larger than any man you have ever seen. They had a bonelike sword growing out of their heads as long as a tall boy. Mary Cecil told me that these fish could kill a whale or any other big sea animal with their swords. Sometimes these fish take a ship to be some kind of animal that wants to fight, and they will run their swords through its bottom. They can cut a small boat all to pieces. The captain told us that they were called swordfish and that they were good to eat.

We had by this time gone so far south that the weather was like summer time. We would stay out on deck all day and until late at night while the captain told us stories about the many strange things he had seen, and sometimes a sailor would tell us stories of the sea.

I knew from what the sailors said that it would not be many days before we reached Para, in Brazil. One morning a sailor took a bucket with a rope tied to it and dropped it over the side of the ship. I looked over to see what he was going to do and saw that the water was a muddy yellow. When he drew up his bucket it was full of fresh, muddy water. I asked him why the water out in the ocean was that color and not blue and salty. He replied: "We are now near the mouth of the Amazon River, which runs through Brazil. It is such a big river and pours so much water into the ocean that it does not have time to mix with the salt water until it gets miles and miles from the land."

Leaving the sailor, I went to breakfast and told the people at the table that land was in sight. It had been such a long time since we had seen land that nearly every one ran out on deck to see the far-away shores of Brazil.

We watched the shore as the ship came nearer and nearer to the land, and I told Mary Cecil that I was sorry that our journey was soon to end. She asked me how long I would remain in Para. I told her that my Uncle John was going to remain in Para for several months and make all his plans to go up the Amazon River and enter the great forests to trap animals, but that I was at once going with my Uncle William to search for diamonds. We would go a long way up the Amazon and then travel to the south of the great river, where he expected to find diamond fields.

Mary Cecil told me that she would like to go up the Amazon, for it is the largest river in the world. "Why," she said, "big ships can go for miles and miles up the river. Although it is only thirty-five miles wide where it empties into the ocean, in some places, when the river is full of water, it is as wide as the State of Tennessee. In other places it is so wide that if it had a railroad bridge over it one would be all day on the train while crossing."

I asked Mary Cecil how the river got the name of Amazon. She told me that a long, long time before any white man had ever heard of South America people believed there was a

country where, if any fighting was to be done, the women and girls painted their faces, stuck feathers in their hair, got their spears, bows, and arrows, and, like soldiers, mounted their horses and went to war. These women soldiers and fighters were called "Amazons," but no one knew the country in which they lived. But when the Spanish sailors found this big river in South America they sailed up the stream in their boats and saw an army of soldiers that had their faces painted, feathers on their heads, and their hair hanging down their backs. These soldiers had on glittering necklaces and bracelets, rode ponies and carried bows, arrows, and long spears. They were really Indian warriors; but the Spanish sailors had never seen any people like them, and they were quite sure that they had found the country of the Amazon women and that the people they saw were women soldiers. There were so many of these soldiers that the Spanish sailors turned and went back to the ocean. When they got back home they told their people about the big river, and said they had named it the Amazon River because it flowed through the country where the Amazons lived.

I thanked Mary Cecil for telling me such an

interesting story about the name of the river. Just then her mother called her to come and get ready to go ashore, as the ship would soon land.

Now, children, we shall stop our story until our next evening.

Third Evening.

LAST evening, children, we had just reached the mouth of the Amazon River. It was not long before I could see the green palm trees and the tall masts of the ships at the city of Para, but it was farther away than it seemed. To walk from the ocean to Para would have taken two or three days, for it is seventy miles.

As we traveled up the river toward the city we passed numbers of small boats, some of them loaded with oranges and bananas, some with fish and big turtles, and on others were monkeys and parrots. The monkeys were playing with the sails and ropes, just as if they were sailors.

When we reached Para the water was too shallow for the ship to get near the land, and the captain ordered his men to lower the anchor into the water. These big, iron, hook-like things stuck in the mud at the bottom of

the river and held the ship just as well as if the ropes had been tied to a tree. At once little boats came from the land to where our vessel was anchored, and the first man to climb onto our ship was the father of Baby Flower.

Men from the boats at once began to unload our ship. Some of them were black, some yellow, and some nearly white. None wore hats, for they carry their burdens on their heads. Many of them wore only a pair of old trousers; but they seemed as happy as could be, singing or whistling as they worked. I wanted to go on land, but I knew my uncles had to see to the wagons, cages, traps, and nets, and that they did not want me to go alone, as they had sewed four one-thousand-dollar bills in a belt I wore. The belt was made of oiled silk, for they knew that water could not get through that kind of cloth to wet the money. They told me that in case we got lost from each other, as travelers sometimes do, I could take this money to a bank and get a bushel of nickels for each of the one-thousand-dollar bills.

Nearly every one had gone on land when Mary Cecil and her father came by me on their way to one of the little boats, and she invited me to go uptown with them. If I did not go at

once, I should have to go in the rain, for at Para it just pours down nearly every afternoon the year round. So I ran and asked Uncle John if I might go with them. "Yes," he answered; "but you must be back in three

AMONG STRANGE PEOPLE.

hours, for your Uncle Will is going up the Amazon River on a boat that leaves this afternoon."

Pleased with the chance to go ashore, I joined Mary Cecil and her father. At the

place where we were to land some negro men had tin masks, or scare faces, locked on their heads; and as I had never seen such a strange sight before, I asked Mary Cecil why the men were wearing such things over their faces. Her reply was: "Why, those negroes belong to white people. They are in the habit of stealing away from home and getting drunk. To keep them from drinking and eating, the owners lock those masks over their faces; and as they cannot get them off, they must go home when they get hungry or thirsty."

In a few minutes we were ashore, and as I was walking from the river I saw piles of balls about the size of a man's head. The captain told me that these balls were made from the sap of the India rubber tree and that his ship would carry back home this rubber and all the bags of coffee, together with the Brazil nuts, that were at the landing.

On the way uptown we saw negro women carrying baskets of fruit on their heads; others were sitting on the ground selling, for a penny, as many oranges and bananas as one could eat. But the funniest thing to me was to see the naked little white, black, and Indian children playing in the street and around the

big turtles that lay on their backs, kicking their feet in the air. Many of these turtles were so large that their shells would have been big enough to make doors for some of the huts we afterwards saw. They were brought up from the boats by the men who had caught them and put on their backs so that they could not get away. It took two men to carry one of these turtles to an eating house, where Captain Paul told me soup would be made of the entrails and sausage of the stomach. The breast would be cut into steaks, and all that was left would be roasted over a fire in the shell which covered its back.

In this city, on the roofs of the houses and walking about on the streets, is a bird called the vulture, which is about the size of our turkey buzzard. It has a bald head, a red neck, and black feathers, and it goes about eating the scraps of meat and other things that are thrown out of the butcher shops and stores. As these birds act as street cleaners, no one is allowed to kill or annoy them.

Men were delivering milk by driving cows from house to house and milking into buckets that were brought out to them. Mary Cecil saw that I was looking at this strange way of

selling milk and said: "The people do not have milk wagons or grocerymen to deliver milk in this country, because it is so hot that it would sour before they could get very far with it." I replied that to make the cows deliver the milk was the best way, as then one could get fresh milk and all milk and no water. "You are mistaken about getting all milk and no water," she said; "for some of these milkmen are such rascals that they have rubber bags filled with water under their shirts with little tubes running down their sleeves, and as they milk the cows they press their arms on the bags and squirt water into the bucket."

On our way through the town to the parks I noticed that some of the houses were red, some green, some yellow, and others blue. The parks were beautified with tall, graceful palm trees and beds of flowers that bloom all the year. If these flowers were brought to our country, old Jack Frost would get them; but he cannot go to Para, because the sun shines too hot there summer and winter.

Before I had a chance to see all the strange and wonderful things about the town it was time for me to go back to the ship. I found that Uncle Will was ready to go on the boat

that was to start up the Amazon. I thanked Captain and Mrs. Paul for their kindness to me, gave Uncle John the belt that had the money sewed in it and told him good-by, and, with Mary Cecil, walked over to the steamboat. On the way I told her how sorry I was to leave my friends and that if I ever got back alive I would go to see her. As she returned to her father's ship I watched her until she was out of sight, then, somehow, I began to feel lonesome and homesick.

In a few moments the pilot of our boat went into the pilot house and took hold of the big wheel, the captain rang the bell, the big paddle wheels on each side of the boat began to splash and churn the water, and our boat started on her long journey up the Amazon River. Uncle Will must have known that I was homesick, for he came out on deck and sat down by me. He asked a gentleman what the men in the boats were doing skimming over the top of the water with their nets. The man shook his head, for he could not understand English.

Now, when I was with the show I met Chinamen from China, Frenchmen from France, Spaniards from Spain, and Portuguese from Portugal. From them I had learned to speak

their several languages fairly well. Nearly all the people in Brazil speak Portuguese; and as I could speak and understand their language, I had to do the talking. So the man told me that the men in the boats were catching bugs and flies in the nets. These bugs and flies are packed in barrels and shipped to London, Paris, and other large cities for bird food. The air just above the water is so full of bugs that it does not take long to catch a barrel of them.

For a few minutes, just as the sun went down, the river looked as if it had been changed into water of gold; but as soon as the sun set it was night, and dark night, and the river looked like a stream of ink running through the forest. When the big full moon came up over the inklike river, it made a silver path to the boat. Over and along this path fireflies, or lightning bugs, as large as small humming birds could be seen giving out first a red light, then a green one. I thought this would be a delightful road for a fairy queen to travel in her carriage of pearl from this world to the moon, for no path could be more charming than this silver road with these strange living lamps of red and green flying in

every direction to light up and make beautiful the way. But as I was now getting sleepy, I had to leave this beautiful scene to the fairies.

When I awoke early the next morning the sun was shining almost as bright as at midday. I had always been accustomed, just before sunrise, to see the skies in the east a steel gray; then, one by one, the stars went out while the banks of clouds took on a silver lining to be quickly changed to orange gold, streaked here and there with silver ribbons. The next moment the great red ball of sun fire would seem to come up from behind the hills or trees, and not until then was it bright daylight.

But on the equator, which is halfway between the top and bottom of the world, the mornings have no dawn, and none of these beautiful changes take place in the heavens at sunrise as they do in this country. On the other hand, the people who live on the Amazon River have more beautiful flowers, trees, and vines than any people in the world.

On one side of the boat I could see nothing but water; on the other, nothing but forests. The trees were large, close to each other, and so covered with vines that one would wonder how a bird could fly through them. With their

heads above the surrounding jungle, giant flower-topped trees stood in all their beauty and grandeur. The flowers on some of these trees were a violet blue, some white, and some yellow; and if you had seen them as I did, wet with dewdrops sparkling in the sunlight, you

might have thought that some giant queen had left her bouquet on the green carpet of the jungle to be kissed by the first rays of the morning sun.

Next evening I shall tell you more about my trip on the boat and the awful thing that happened.

Fourth Evening.

NOW, children, after several days' travel we came to a place where the river began to get narrow, and I became frightened at a strange roaring noise that at each repetition got louder and more dreadful. I saw that the roar was made by an ocean of water twelve or fifteen feet high that came rushing up the river. With an awful noise it burst upon an island far down the river and washed it away as though it had been made of sand. The island with all its big trees was gone; but I believe it saved our boat from destruction, for I am sure that if that awful Amazon tidal wave had struck us with full force it would have destroyed our boat as it did the island.

Although the steamer was not damaged, I knew from the way great clouds of smoke were coming out of the boat's smokestacks that the fireman was having trouble in keeping up enough steam to push us through the narrow

place in the river; for here the water was rushing against the boat with such force that we did not make much headway against the stream.

After supper, as Uncle Will and I sat on the deck, the fire and smoke from the smokestacks rose in the air like great balloons. The steam was screaming and hissing from the safety valves on the great boilers. The escape pipes on the back of the boat were coughing hard and sending out clouds of white steam at each "chug" of the engines, and as the paddle wheels battled with and churned the rushing water the boat trembled and quivered as though it would go to pieces. I was so scared that I wished I were anywhere else than on that boat. And a wish was never more quickly granted, for there was a flash of light with a terrible noise, and I was thrown high in the air. When I came down, under the water I went, but soon bobbed up again. The boat's boilers had burst and blown the boat into pieces. I heard men and women screaming and children crying as I tried to swim and prayed to God to spare our lives. The rushing water and my wet clothes were too much for me, and I felt myself sinking. Everything that I had ever done in my whole life, good or bad, was now flying through

my mind like moving pictures passing before my eyes. Then something bumped against me. I grabbed the object and held on with a grip that nothing could have loosened. I found that it was a large log; and after much hard work

I was thrown high in the air.

I got on it and, catching a piece of plank that floated near me, I used it as a paddle to get to land.

When at last I reached the shore, it seemed to me that big snakes were hanging from the

limbs of the trees, but I thought I had rather take my chances with them than with the big river that had so nearly drowned me. Monkeys were chattering, bullfrogs were bellowing, owls were hooting, and as soon as I put my feet on land and started to climb the bank all kinds of parrots began to make a fuss. I was not afraid of anything except the big snakes, for I never did like snakes. The bank of the river was very steep; and the mud made it very slippery, and I had to catch hold of bushes in order to climb up. This shook them, and thousands of fireflies, or lightning bugs, flew up into the air. They made the forest around me so light that I could see that what I thought were snakes and what had nearly scared me to death were nothing but vines hanging from the limbs of the trees.

When I at last got up to a place where the ground was level and I was no longer afraid that I might slip and fall back into the river, I stopped to rest a while. I was tired and sleepy. But I knew that the woods were full of jaguars and all kinds of animals; and if I should go to sleep, they might tear me to pieces. So I walked on as best I could through the jungle of vines, trees, and bushes, never getting out

of sight of the river. Sometimes I would have to get down on my knees and crawl under the network of vines. At other places I had to climb over the trunks of big trees that had been blown down. As I slipped down from one of these trees I felt something as soft as a cushion under my feet, and I had no sooner touched it than it began to move. I knew I had stepped on a big snake, and I ran away as fast as I could.

Turning to see if the snake was chasing me, I saw some kind of an animal following that in the moonlight looked like a great big cat. The faster I ran, the faster it ran and the closer it came to me. When I stopped, it stopped and lashed its long tail. I knew that if I could get a fire started I could scare the animal away. Getting out my match box, which was made so that water could not get in it, I tried one of the matches, and it flashed up with a bright light. I then gathered a handful of dry leaves and set them on fire. I piled leaves and brush around this little fire until it blazed up as high as my head. The ground was covered with dead leaves, because in Brazil the trees are dropping their old leaves and growing new ones all the year round; so you can understand

that while the trees are always green the ground always has some dead leaves on it. The wind blew the fire among these dead leaves near where the catlike animal stood, and away he ran toward the river. I heard him jump, and the water rippled in the moonlight as the animal swam for an island out in the river.

I was very tired; and knowing that the fire would frighten away the wild animals, I sat down to rest. I did not intend to go to sleep, but I did. I was awakened by the bark of a dog close to me. I could see the animal standing a few feet away, and he was barking at me as if he had treed a coon. I was afraid that my pistol would miss fire after the wetting it got, and I reached for a stick that lay close to me. As I did this the dog turned and ran toward the river. I jumped up and ran after him, hoping he would lead me to some house where I could find help. I had not run far when through the bushes I caught sight of a flickering firelight. I felt sure now that I would find somebody close by. Being in a strange, wild country and not knowing the kind of people I should meet, I carefully and silently moved toward the firelight.

I soon saw the figure of a man, and then I

watched to see if there was more than one person. Crawling close up to the light, I could see that the fire was on the bank of the river and that the man was a huge negro busy broiling fish upon the live coals. He was as black as soot, and had neither hat, shirt, nor shoes on—in fact, he was almost naked. He now began to pile more wood on the fire, and as he walked about the flaring flames he reminded me of Old Nick.

I could see a rifle leaning against a tree close by him and a boat rocking on the waters of the river. The dog I had followed was also close by and had scented me, for he gave a growl. With this the black man stood still to listen with his face toward the river. I saw that this was my only chance; and, rushing from my hiding place, I leveled my pistol at him, at the same time telling him that if he did not move I would not hurt him.

The negro was too scared to run, but the dog ran off some distance and began barking. I got between the black man and his rifle, at the same time ordering him to sit down; for I knew that if he got a chance he would run, and I had made up my mind to tell him about the steamboat wreck and find out from him all I

could about the country we were in. He soon understood that I did not intend to harm him, and I learned that his name was Samson. He had heard the boat explosion, but thought the noise was made by the caving in of the river bank. He told me that he had come there to get a fishing camp ready for his master, a Mr. Goodman, who lived a little distance back from the river on a big plantation. I explained to Samson that I wanted to search for my uncle, and told him that if he would help me I would pay him.

I must have slept quite a long time in the woods before the dog awakened me; for Samson said that it would soon be daylight and we would take the boat and begin the search, as his master would not come to the camp for several days, but that we must have some breakfast before going. In a few moments the sun rose, and the mighty Amazon River stretched out before me for miles and miles. Here and there in this ocean of water were little green islands.

Samson packed away in the boat enough food to last several days. Then, handing me the fishing line, his pistol, and a box of pistol balls, he unlocked the boat and I got in, taking

my seat so as to be pilot and guide the boat. Samson dipped his paddles into the water and gave a pull that made the boat shoot from the shore, and we were headed toward one of the nearest islands. As we came close to it we could see big alligators on the sand and logs at the water's edge. I shot at one of them, but his hide was so hard that the bullet glanced off and struck the water some distance from him. The report of the pistol scared the others, and there was a great splashing of water as the alligators jumped into the river. There seemed to be as many alligators in the water as you sometimes see wiggletails in a rain barrel.

We paddled slowly along close to the shore, watching in the mud and sand for footprints. Now and then I shot a black duck or a stork as he stood on one foot as still as a statue watching for a fish to come his way. By doing this, I soon had enough meat for our dinner, and I knew that if Uncle Will was on the island he would hear the shooting and come to us.

We passed all around the island; and not seeing any one on it, we headed our boat for the next island, which was much larger than the first one. On this island we could see trees as

tall as church steeples making a shade far out on the water.

As we neared the land a drove of big, awkward flamingoes flew over our heads. I shot into them, and one with brilliant red feathers fell near our boat, making a great fuss splashing about in the water. At the water's edge these big birds had built the strangest-looking nests by scraping together enough earth to form a cone-shaped hill twenty inches high. The top of the little hill was hollowed out for the nest, and some of these had two and some three eggs in them about as large as a goose egg. The big bird sits on her nest with her long legs hanging down on each side of the hill-like nest.

FLAMINGOES' NESTS.

At one place on the shore there were the footprints of some man or woman, so we landed our boat where they went down to the water.

And here let us rest until our next evening.

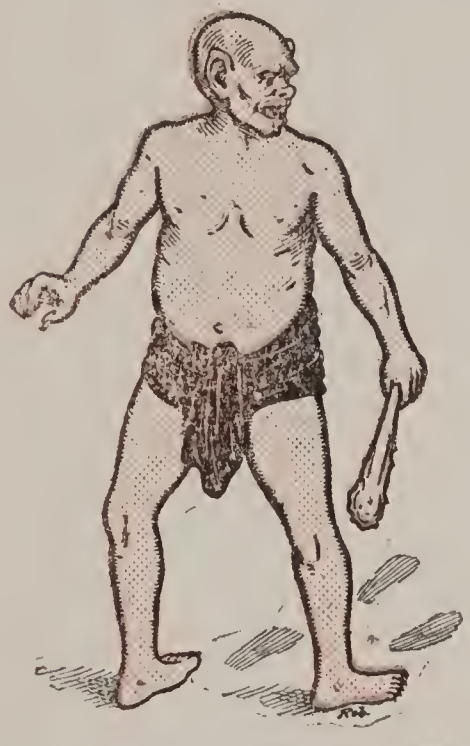
Fifth Evening.

I DARESAY you children are as anxious to know about the footprints on the island as I was. I jumped out of the boat, got down on my knees, and took a good look at the tracks. I thought they looked a little strange, but I was quite sure they were a man's footprints.

As soon as Samson tied our boat I called him to come and see them. He looked scared as he said: "Don't you see? The toes of these tracks point toward the river. There are no footprints with the toes pointing toward the woods. I have been told that some of these islands are the homes of the curapira, whose feet grow on their legs just the opposite way from ours. So when they walk their tracks point toward the place they are leaving instead of toward the place to which they are going, as ours do. These men have dark, yellow skins, heads as bald as an egg, big ears, and green teeth. They lead people out into the forest so

they can kill and eat them. People who do not know about this strange man are soon caught by him, because they are going to him when they think they are getting away. As soon as he bites them with his green teeth they die."

I forgot that I was hunting for my uncle, I was so eager to catch one of these strange wild men for our show. But Samson refused to go with me in search of this strange being, so I told him to make a fire and cook dinner, and that I would follow the tracks myself. Samson begged me not to go, for he was sure that I would be killed by the wild man of the woods. Samson believed every word of what he had told me, but I would not listen to him and started on the trail of the curapira. I could not go very fast, as I had to stop once in a while and peep through the bushes ahead of me for fear I should run upon the wild man or that he would see me before I saw him.



THE CURAPIRA MUST HAVE LOOKED LIKE THIS.

The last time I peeped through the bushes I saw in front of me a man digging and pulling at a root. His back was to me, and he was a dark-skinned man, but far from being little. He could come nearer catching me than I could catching him. As quietly as I could I ran back to the boat to get Samson to come and help me. When I reached our landing place, there on the ground were the birds I had killed, but Samson and the boat were gone. I looked in every direction over the water, but I could see nothing of them.

I was frightened.

It was now long after dinner time; and, being hungry, I gathered some leaves and sticks and started a fire. I knelt down to blow it into a blaze; and, upon looking up, there stood a tall Indian with a bundle of roots on his shoulder. He must have

seen that I was frightened, for he said: "Boy, you must not be afraid of me. I will not hurt you. My name is Fleetfoot. I am a good Indian, and I came over here to dig up the sarsaparilla roots that grow in the wet places about this island. I can sell them to be shipped to other countries, where they are made into medicine."

I asked the Indian if the tracks in the sand were his footprints. "Yes," he replied. "My brother and I landed on the island at a place below here, and I came through the woods while he brought the boat around to this point. We went down the river a little way to find a good place to camp; but not finding a better spot than this, I got out down there, walked into the woods, and went to work."

I told the Indian that Mr. Goodman's negro man, Samson, thought because all the footprints pointed toward the river that they were curapira tracks, and that I followed them and when I saw him I thought I had found a curapira and came back to get Samson, but found he had gone with my boat. "O!" said the Indian. "I know Samson; he is as afraid of a curapira as he is of death. He ran away with the boat and has left you and the wild man to fight it

out. He may return for you if he does not go to the town of the runaway negroes, which is back in the forest a few miles from the river."

While the Indian was talking I got the fire to burning and was getting ready to cook my birds. I began to think that Samson was not coming back, and I asked the Indian how he expected to get home. He replied: "This morning as my brother and I were passing by that little island over there a white man was lying on the sand. We went over to see who it was and what was the matter with him. We could not understand a word he said, and he could not understand us, although we spoke to him both in Spanish and in Portuguese. We found out that his arm was broken and that he was very hungry and thirsty, so I gave him some food and water. Then he made us pull on the broken arm until he could feel that the ends of the broken bone were together. My brother cut some bamboo sticks while I got some vines for strings. The bamboo canes we put on his arm for braces and bound them on with the vines. In this way the broken bone was kept in place. We put the man in our boat and came to this island, where I got out.

Although it is quite a long journey, my brother started with the poor man to our village."

I asked the Indian about the man's clothes, the color of his eyes and hair, and about a ring on his finger. His answers made me think that this man was my uncle, and I was anxious to go home with him to see.

The hours passed by, but Samson did not return. The Indian got out his hook and line and began to fish. I sat down by him and asked him to tell me about the curapira and whether he thought he could catch one or two, as I wanted them for a show.

"I have never seen one of these wild men," said the Indian, "although there must be a great many of them living in the hollow trees out in the forest. Nearly every negro and Indian you meet claims to have seen some of them or has heard them thumping on the trees just before a storm to find out if the trees were strong enough not to be blown down by the wind, for the curapiras are supposed to take care of the forests. I have heard them say that some of these wild men were covered with long, shaggy hair, and had forked feet and bright red faces.

"I have often heard the story of a man who,

to save time, made a short cut through a part of the woods where a curapira lived. The man had just killed a monkey and, being tired, sat down under a large tree to rest. The curapira crept up on the other side of the tree, reached around and caught the man by the hair, and asked him why he had come by his home in the hollow tree. Although the man was scared, he replied, 'Because it was a shorter way home and I saw some game that I wanted to kill.' 'Then,' said the curapira, 'give me one of your eyes to eat.' The man punched out one of the monkey's eyes and handed it to the curapira. 'That is good,' he said. Can you see?' 'Yes,' replied the man. 'Then give me your other eye,' demanded the wild man. The hunter gave him the monkey's other eye. The curapira asked, 'Can you see now?' 'Yes,' replied the hunter, 'as well as ever.' 'Now give me one of your eyes,' said the hunter. The curapira pulled out one of his eyes and gave it to him. 'Can you see?' asked the hunter. 'Yes,' replied the curapira. 'Then give me your other eye,' said the hunter. The curapira, thinking he could see without the other eye, pulled it out. The hunter grabbed it and ran, knowing that the curapira could not see to catch him.

"Some months after this the hunter was going through this same woods and saw the blind curapira stumbling about trying to find something to eat. The hunter, feeling sorry for him, called to the wild man and asked if there was anything he could do for him. The curapira replied, 'Yes; catch me a monkey that I may get his eyes to see with.' The hunter said that he would do so if the curapira would promise never to hurt him. The curapira made all kinds of promises. The hunter set a trap, caught a monkey, and brought it to the curapira. As soon as he could punch the monkey's eyes out and put them in the places where his had been, he said to the hunter, 'Your eyes shall be able to see birds and other animals better than any hunter's. Your sight shall be so good that your arrows will hit the mark every time you shoot.' After that this hunter could find and kill more animals than any three hunters in his country.

"I have heard that the curapira has been known to lead a negro into the forest and kill him. Then he would put on the dead man's clothes and go to the negro's house, imitate his voice, calling to his wife and children. Hearing the voice they thought to be their father's,

they would soon follow it until they got lost in the forest. Then the curapira would catch one to eat whenever he became hungry."

Up to this time the Indian had not caught a fish. It was getting late, and I knew that in this country when daylight went out it went almost as quickly as the turning out of an electric light. That we might not get caught in the dark, I gathered up some wood and brush and put them on the fire. The katydids began to sing, and the frogs began to croak. An Amazon otter came up out of the water and ran up on the bank, but when he saw me he jumped back. Then night was upon us, and with it came mosquitoes in such great numbers that I was afraid to open my mouth for fear they would fly into it. I saw the Indian jerk his line and throw out on the bank a fish about as long as your arm. I picked it up and was getting it ready to roast in the ashes when by the light of the burning brush I saw in a tree not far from the Indian two eyes that in the dark were shining as bright as coals of fire.

I think I had better close this evening and tell you about this animal next time.

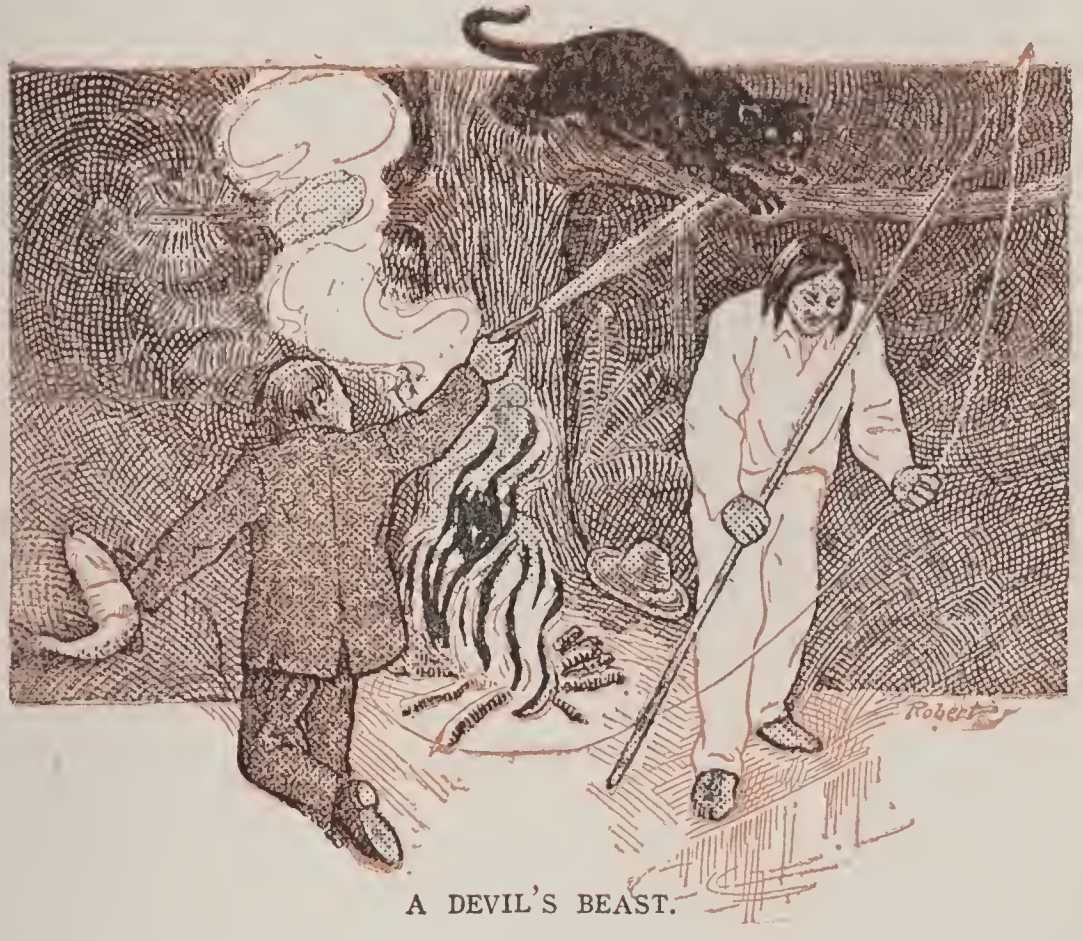
Sixth Evening.

CHILDREN, I will begin our story at once. I just pulled out my pistol and took good aim at one of the eyes shining in the tree. Bang! went my pistol. Splash! went the big animal into the river beside the Indian. With a yell the Indian jumped up and ran to me. The animal plunged around in the river for a little while and then was quiet. The Indian crept to the water's edge, looked at him for a few moments, then cried: "You are a good shot for a boy and have killed a devil's beast. If you had not killed him, he would have killed me."

We got a long stick and pulled the dead tigerlike animal to the bank. What Fleetfoot called a devil's beast was a black jaguar. The Indians and negroes are very much afraid of them. They say that alligators get so scared at the sight of a devil's beast that they cannot move. Some even say that the alligator re-

mains perfectly still while the jaguar eats off its tail.

We now cooked supper, but when I tried to eat mine the mosquitoes wanted to eat me. The Indian calls the mosquito "ah." Every now



A DEVIL'S BEAST.

and then he would slap at those that swarmed around him and say: "Go away, ah."

The night was cool, and the fire did not feel too warm even after I had piled upon it an armful of brush and wood. I wanted a bright light so that I could see any animals that might come up to our camp. I still had some hopes

that Samson would come back, and I sat watching the fire burn and fighting mosquitoes until a strong wind rose and blew them away.

The Indian said: "I do not believe that Samson is ever coming back, and as you have saved my life I will help you in any way I can. I have known that negro a long time, and every once in a while he plays hookey from his master and goes to the Runaway Negro Village. These negroes have run away from their white masters and made this little village. When the soldiers are sent out to bring them back, the negroes run and hide in the woods and stay hid until the soldiers go away or die from a fever that negroes never have."

The moon rose above the tree tops, and its silver rays seemed to ride the waves and play hide-and-seek through the trees as the wind twisted and shook their branches. Old Sandman seemed to have found his way to the island, for I was soon asleep. When I awoke the sun was shining, the birds were singing, the Indian had gone, and the fire was out.

A lazy alligator was sunning himself on a log with his big mouth wide open, so that the flies and bugs would swarm on his tongue and lips. When you would think no more could

find a place to light, he would shut his mouth and trap them for his breakfast. Turtles with shells on their backs as large as the top of a school desk were walking around on the sand. I was afraid to move; but when a snake came out of the river and began to crawl toward me, I sprang up, jumped over the turtles, and ran for the woods. As I ran I scared up a number of butterflies that gave off a disagreeable odor as they flew away: Then I heard the sound of some one digging, and I thought it must be the Indian. I soon found him, but I did not let him know that I had been scared. I asked him if he had eaten his breakfast. "No," he answered, "I thought I would dig up some sarsaparilla roots while it was cool and let you sleep as long as you could."

I then told him about the alligators and turtles. "That is good," he cried. "I will catch a turtle for breakfast." The Indian then cut a long stout pole and told me to stay behind. Without making a noise, he crept through the bushes until he got to the place where the turtles were; then, springing out with his pole, he turned two big turtles over on their backs. All the others ran into the river.

The few clothes the Indian had on he took

off and jumped into the water for a swim. Now, I had read that the alligators killed more people in Brazil than all the other animals, so at first I was afraid to go in; but the Indian called to me to come on, and I decided to take the chances, so in I plunged.

The Indian killed one of the turtles and cut out some steak to cook. I made a fire, and we had fruit, turtle steak, and mandioca meal cakes for breakfast. This was a new kind of food for me; but I was as hungry as a hunter, and it all tasted good. The Indian thought that all we needed was some coffee to make it as good a breakfast as any one could want.

After leaving his line for me to fish with, Fleetfoot went back to his work. The sun was now shining so hot that the birds were silent, but a gentle breeze made the palm leaves tremble and quiver. Little waves dashed and splashed at my feet as I sat holding my fishing pole and looking at the great field of water that stretched out before me.

I was thinking of my uncle and of the folks at home when I heard something singing. The musical sound came from the water and seemed to be near me. I had heard that there lived in the rivers and lakes of Brazil girls with beauti-

ful faces, with long black hair, and with bodies the lower half of which was like that of a fish. These half-fish girls were called water maidens, and sometimes mermaids. It was said that when they saw a boy fishing they would put their pretty faces above the water and talk to him, making all kinds of promises to get him to go home with them for a playmate. They could sing sweetly and could cut all kinds of funny capers in the water; but if the boy had any sense, he would know that he could not live under the water and would get away from them as fast as he could. But some boys were so fond of music that they would listen to the water maidens sing and follow them farther and farther out into the water until they could never get back. I did not believe there were such things as mermaids; but should this be one I heard singing, I had made up my mind that I would catch her for the show.

A WATER MAIDEN.

I thrust my fishing pole into the mud and stepped out into the water that I might see her. At that moment my pole was jerked out of the mud, but I grabbed it as it went by me and was almost pulled into the river. Then the line broke. I wondered if it could have been the mermaid, for I never heard the music again that day, although I kept very quiet.

When Fleetfoot returned he had all the sarsaparilla roots he could carry. I told him about the music I had heard in the water and asked him if he knew anything about the water maidens. He seemed to think that every one knew about the water maidens and said that I must not let them coax me into the river. What I had heard, he thought, must have been either a water maiden or a singing fish. He had never seen a water maiden, but he had caught a number of singing fish.

As Samson never returned for me, I had to remain on the island with the Indian for three days before we saw the boat with Fleetfoot's brother in it coming up the river. As soon as the Indian reached us I asked him all about the white man that he had taken to his village. His answers to my questions made me sure that the man was my Uncle Will.

I helped the Indians put the sarsaparilla roots and the turtle meat into the boat, got in with them, and we pushed off. Fleetfoot taking one of the paddles and I using the other, we shot over the water as though it had been oiled until we left the Amazon to go up a big river that flowed from the south.

Now and then an alligator would poke his head out of the water and swim by us. Before dark Fleetfoot pulled our boat to the bank where there was a spring of cool, clear water, and we cooked our supper. The air was sweet with the perfume of palm blossoms, and humming birds of rainbow colors flew from flower-er to flower sucking the sweets. Fleetfoot explained to me that the birds were kissing the flowers, but I knew that they were getting honey for their supper.

We rested a while at this beautiful place, made our supper on mandioca bread, wild fruit, and the turtle meat that we had left from dinner. When we got into our boat the moon was shining, the frogs were croaking, the katydids were chirping—the whole forest was noisy with the sounds of insects and animals. I was very tired; and I must have gone to sleep and fallen into the river, for when I came to myself one

of the Indians was holding me by the hair to keep me from drowning while the other one was pulling our boat to shore.

You children can think about what I have told you this evening, and when we meet again I hope I shall not be so sleepy.

Seventh Evening.

I CAN tell you I was surprised when I found myself in the cool water, but soon the boat was near the bank and I could feel the bottom of the river with my feet. The Indian turned my hair loose, and I scrambled ashore, cold and shivering, for, although the days are very hot in Brazil, the nights are sometimes cool. Fleetfoot built a fire, and while I dried my clothes the Indians took a nap. Something began to hammer on a tree not far from me, and I felt sure it must be a curapira and wondered if he would come near the fire. I thought I should like to see him, but I hoped Fleetfoot would wake up before he came too close. Big bats with wings as wide as your arm is long flew so close to me that I got a stick and struck at them, but they were always too quick and dodged my blows.

The moon went down, and at some distance from us in the darkness I had just caught sight

of what seemed to be little hills of coals of fire covered with ashes when the Indians jumped up and, as they ran to the boat, called me to come quick. As we pulled up the river Fleetfoot told me that an army of ants that travel by night as well as day were on the march, and we were in its way; and that these ants march five or six side by side, and some of the lines are three or four miles long. When they bite you it feels like being touched with a red-hot wire. Fleetfoot told me that the fiery-looking little hills I had seen were phosphorescent ant hills, and that he expected a big fight when this army of midnight travelers came to the homes of these other ants.

All night we paddled up the stream, and at sunrise we came to a great lake. Near the banks the water was not very deep. Great numbers of herons had come to make their breakfast off the fish they could catch, but on seeing us they flew away. In some places the water was covered with the leaves of a plant that was as large as a bedroom floor. The leaves were cupped all around the edge like a pie pan. Fleetfoot called them alligator roasting pans. At home I had seen this kind of plant in the ponds around fountains. They were

called Victoria Regia, but I had never seen any as wonderfully large as these growing wild upon this lake. A single leaf was so big that a child could step from leaf to leaf and walk quite a distance out on the lake. The upper part of these leaves was a glossy green, the under part a violet crimson. The flowers begin to unfold at sunset; and in the morning, when the blossoms are open, they are much larger than big dinner plates and are pure white, but in a few hours they turn a rose color and then change to a bright red.

It was hard, slow work to get our boat through these big-leaved lilies, and by noon we were worn out and pulled for the shore. We had no food, but we thought we would take a swim before we went hunting. I was the first one to dive into the water, but I came up with a yell. Something had bitten a piece out of my foot. I ran up on the bank, and as soon as the Indians looked at the bloody wound they knew that a cannibal fish had bitten me. Fleetfoot tied up the place as best he could; and although the bite was not very bad, I felt a little sick and lay down in the shade.

Fleetfoot got out his fishing line, while his brother got a long pole and began beating on

WHERE WE CAUGHT CANNIBAL FISH.

the water. Each time he would hit the lake hundreds of these cannibal fish rushed up to where he struck the water, and Fleetfoot caught them as fast as he could throw his line in and pull them out. In ten minutes he had thrown a dozen or more on the bank, some as long as from your finger tips to your elbow. They jumped and floundered on the ground trying to get back into the water. I got a stick, and whenever they came too near the lake I threw them far back on the bank. They snapped and bit at me with their razorlike teeth and never gave up the fight until Fleetfoot's brother cut their heads off to cook them for dinner. I know of no other fish that can be called up by beating on the water. If a school of these fish should catch you far out on the lake, they would eat you up before you could get to land. Sometimes, when they are very hungry, a great number will get together and fight a big fish to death and eat him. If the big fish kills some of them, these cannibal fish will eat their dead mates.

The sun was too hot for us to be on the water, so we remained in the shade until late that afternoon, when we got into our boats and continued on our journey, keeping near

the shore. Now and then I would see long, hairy caterpillars that wriggled along over the water just as an eel does. I took a shot at some of the long-legged ramrod chickens as they ran over the big lily leaves catching bugs, worms, and other insects. These chickens have toes longer than a man's hand and so spread that they will not punch holes in the leaves.

At one place I called Fleetfoot to look under a big hollow tree where the ground was covered with skeletons of monkeys and other bones. "I am afraid to look at that tree," Fleetfoot replied. "The old Indians say that a long time ago that tree was the home of the bird of the evil eye. If any man or animal came near the tree and the bird peeped out at him, he dropped dead, and the bird then ate all the flesh off his bones. One day a hunter came by and saw the bones under the tree. He looked up and spied the bird, but the bird of the evil eye did not see him, and before it could turn its head the hunter shot the bird and it fell to the ground. The man then crept up to the dead bird in such a way that he did not pass before its eyes, then with his knife he cut off the bird's head, wrapped it in his handkerchief, and put it into his hunting bag.

"Ever after when that hunter saw a deer or any other animal he wanted to kill he would take out the head with the evil eye and point the bill toward the game and it would fall dead; but he was always very careful not to turn the bill toward himself. The man's wife wanted to know how it was that he always had such good luck in hunting; but whenever she would ask him to tell her he would always say: 'This is no business of yours. A woman must not know everything.' But she made up her mind that she *would* know, and day after day she would slip out into the woods and watch her husband. Once, when a deer passed by, she saw that her husband took something from his hunting bag and pointed it toward the game and the deer fell dead. She went back home, saying to herself: 'I will find out what that is that he killed the deer with.'

"As usual, after dinner the hunter went to sleep. His wife then stole up to him and softly opened his hunting bag, took out the head of the bird of the evil eye, and, turning it about, she said to herself: 'He held it so, with the bill turned toward the deer.' As she spoke she turned the head against her husband's body, and he at once died. She was so badly scared

at what she had done that she jumped back; but in doing this she turned the deadly bill toward herself, and she also fell dead."

I told Fleetfoot that I did not believe there ever was a bird of the evil eye, and if there ever had been one it was now dead, and that I should not be afraid to go under the tree where the bones were. He did not like what I said, and replied: "You can do as you wish, but I would not go near the tree." "Neither would I," said his brother, "and I am glad we have passed it."

Some distance ahead of us was a point of land reaching far out into the lake, and by the time we had paddled around this point the sun was going down. As the Indians did not want to be out on the water at night, we pulled our boat toward an Indian hut that was nestled among the vines and palm trees. Several men, women, children, and dogs came down to the water's edge to meet us. These people knew the Indians who were with me, but from the way the dogs sniffed the air and barked at me, I was sure they had never seen a white man; and as the odor from a white man's body is so different from the smell given off by the body of an In-

dian, the dogs became so mad that they wanted to tear me to pieces.

On the roof of the hut, out of the way of the dogs, tame monkeys chattered and pranced about or sat looking at us in such a way that one would think they were picking their teeth with the end of their tails.

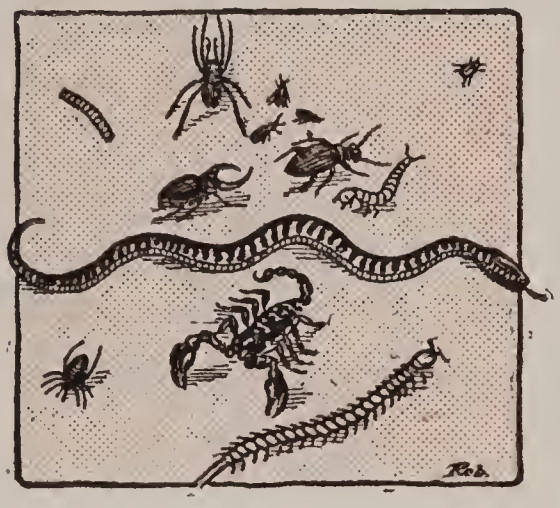
Pet parrots with the most beautiful feathers were perched on the trees or swinging in the vines near the doorway. At one moment these birds scolded at the dogs for keeping up so much fuss; at the next moment they were sicking them on me.

The inside of this hut was like all Indian huts in that part of Brazil. There were no beds to be seen, for all the people sleep in hammocks, and the ground was the floor.

The Indians living in this hut treated us kindly and did everything that Indians could do to please visitors. But as night came on I found I could hardly live for the rats, mice, and insects that made their homes in and about these huts. Little insects and flying bugs were bad enough before the sun went down, but during the night untold numbers crept from their hiding places to tear me to pieces. Some were bloodsuckers, some scratched and raked at

your skin as though they were preparing a garden, while others gave off such horrible odors that you would have to hold your nose.

There were little insects with shells so hard that you could step on them and not crush them. Others were round, soft, and watery. Great centipedes, or thousand-legs, with poisonous fangs, together with lizards and snakes, played about the walls and ceilings. You may know that I did not rest well, and at daylight I was ready to spring out of my hammock when I heard some one call: "The ant thrushes are coming! The ant thrushes are coming!"



THINGS IN A DROP OF WATER.

I think this is a good place to close our story for this evening.

Eighth Evening.

NOW, children, there was great excitement among the Indians at seeing the ant thrushes, and, running into their hut, they threw open all their boxes and trunks.

I ran out to see the ant thrushes, and found that they were odd-looking, short-tailed birds. A number of these birds fairly glittered in their feather coats. Some were blue, some were green, some were a copper red, and a few were purple, while others were white or brown. I learned from Fleetfoot that these birds liked to eat ants, and when an army of these foraging insects were on the march ant thrushes were nearly always seen. And although every one has to run from home when the ants come, the peo-

AN ARMY OF ANTS.

ple are glad to have a visit from them; for the foraging ants drive away or kill every rat, mouse, lizard, or other creeper about the house, and it was for this reason that the Indians opened their trunks and boxes, so the ants could go into them and kill the bugs they were sure to find.

I wanted to see these strange ant soldiers, and I watched the army as it came over an open space and swarmed into the hut. The line must have been two or three blocks long. The ant officers, with their big white heads bobbing up and down, ran from one place to another along the line, keeping the soldiers in order. These wonderful creatures were longer than your finger nail; but as I dared not get close to them, I could not see their tiny eyes.

When the army entered the hut, there was not a crack or corner that the soldiers did not enter to search for insects. Great cockroaches were dragged out of their hiding places and carried away; even the scorpions and centipedes were taken off by the ants for food.

It took this great army a very little time to catch every living thing in the hut. Then each soldier, loaded with all he could carry, was marched back to the city of the ants in the same

orderly way that they had been marched to the hut.

Upon our returning to the hut, no living insect could be seen, but on the floor lay a number of dead ants that had been killed while battling with larger and stronger enemies.

While breakfast was being prepared Fleetfoot told me of a kind of ant in Brazil called the Amazon ant. These ants do no work; and although they cannot feed themselves, they are fierce fighters and great soldiers. They make war on other ants, taking the young ones prisoners to bring them up as slaves. These slave ants have to do all the work about the ant city. Some are put to care for and bring up the young; others have to prepare the food and feed their masters as a nurse feeds a baby. The Amazon ants are good to their servants, for without them they would starve to death, since they cannot feed themselves. To make sure that they will always have enough servants, the warriors from time to time go on the war path to capture an ant village and bring home the young ants to be brought up as slaves.

I had heard so much about ants that I knew Fleetfoot was telling me the truth about these wonderful little creatures, and nothing could

have interested me more than to have found a village to watch the things they did; but I was so anxious to see the white man at Fleetfoot's home that after breakfast I hurried the Indians to start on our journey. As we got into our boat Fleetfoot spied some alligators on the bank of the lake some distance away. He ran back to tell his friends in the hut of what he had seen, and they came out armed with bows, arrows, spears, and big clubs. The children got their bows and spears and, with their parents, sneaked through the bushes and vines upon the lazy-looking reptiles.

On the end of each spear handle that the Indians carried a long line was tied. The Indians had loose points which they slipped over their arrows. These points had a string fastened to them which was wound around the arrow shaft, and Fleetfoot's brother told me that as soon as the barbed point was shot into the alligator he made for the water. The point dropped off the arrow, and the string unwound as the reptile went to the bottom, leaving the long part of the arrow to float on the top of the water. It was by watching this floating arrow, with one end of the string fastened to it and the other to the point in the body of the

alligator, that they could tell the direction the alligator was going.

My foot was too sore for me to go with the Indians, but from the boat I could watch the reptiles as they lay on the sand sunning themselves. As alligators have no lips to hide their teeth, these huge reptiles have a dreadfully scary and savage look; and they are as savage as they look, for while they live on wild ducks and such other birds and animals as they can catch in the water or on the land, they enjoy eating a man as well as anything else. They are clumsy in their movements on shore; but by the use of their flat, oarlike tails they can move about very fast and nimbly in the water. They can chase and capture fish, or come up under a duck or other bird on the water and grab it in their big mouths. Although he is said to be the king of the rivers and lakes, he has such a good appetite that he will eat every old dead animal that he can find.

I was beginning to think that the Indians were a long time getting within shooting distance of the monsters, when an arrow flew through the air, striking one of the alligators. The reptile jumped into the lake, all the others following him. The Indians came out of the

bushes, making signs to us to bring the boat. Upon reaching them, all our things were taken out of the boat. Two men, with their bows, arrows, clubs, and barbed spears, got in with us, and we began to chase the arrow shaft that floated on the lake. Sometimes it was pulled under the water, but we could again see it

OUR FIGHT WITH THE ALLIGATOR.

when the reptile had to come up to get his breath. At one time we lost all sight of it, and we were about to give up the chase when the alligator came to the top of the water alongside of our boat. As quick as thought one of the Indians with all his strength drove a spear

into the reptile's body, but as he did the Indian lost his balance and plunged into the lake.

As a rule alligators are great cowards and will not fight, but this one circled about and made a rush at the man as he was climbing into the boat. I fired at the monster, but did not stop him; and he was about to close his jaws on the man when Fleetfoot drove a spear into the alligator's head just behind the eye. The reptile plunged about a few moments, making the water foam as he struck at our boat with his powerful tail, then he sank to the bottom of the lake, and the lines tied to the end of the spears were let out as he went down, like a boy lets out the string on his kite as it goes up.

But the old fellow could not remain on the bottom, and when he came up for air we gave him another spear; then he raced over the lake for a short distance at a fearful speed, carrying our boat with him. It looked to me as if we would be upset, or that our boat would be torn to pieces by the monster; but the Indians knew their business and continued to let the reptile go down and come up until he was about drowned.

Then the men tightened the ropes and care-

fully paddled toward the shore, dragging the alligator after us. While we were doing this the cannibal fish swarmed about him, biting pieces out of his body at places not covered by hard scales. But our prize seemed to have nine lives and was as hard to kill as a cat, for after we had dragged him on land he snapped at me with his big jaws and tried to bat us with his huge tail. He looked like the pictures I had seen of crocodiles that live along the Nile River, in Africa, and that the people, hundreds of years ago, worshiped as sacred reptiles.

Some of the Egyptians kept these horrid crocodiles in little lakes near their churches and had men to care for and feed them on cake, roast meat, and a kind of wine. These sacred crocodiles wore gold and diamond earrings, had gold bracelets on their forepaws—and, in fact, nothing was too fine for them to wear or too good for them to eat. When a sacred crocodile died, the body was embalmed by filling it with spices and perfumes. It was then wrapped in fine linen that had been soaked in a gummy, sweet-smelling kind of oil. After this was done, a grand funeral was had, and the body was placed in a stone vault, or cave, where they are now found just as they were buried.

A man in our show who had lived in Egypt told me that the crocodile cannot see very well while under water, but he is quick-sighted on land, and that all beasts and birds keep out of his way except a bird that he allows to go into his mouth to clean his teeth. This bird lives on the bugs and other food sticking to the reptile's gums and the pieces of meat that he finds between the crocodile's teeth.

When hunting crocodiles my friend had often seen grayish-colored birds about as large as a pigeon walking up and down on the backs and around the nose of the reptiles. If these birds saw a man or other creature coming too near the crocodile, they would fly up, screaming: "Zic-zac! zic-zac!" This "Zic-zac! zic-zac!" scream was to warn the huge reptile of danger, so he could plunge into the water and get out of the way.

I was about to ask Fleetfoot if the alligator had bird friends like the crocodile, but at that moment a canoe with two men in it came in sight. The Indians were busy cutting the alligator to pieces and putting the chunks of meat on a pole over a fire, so that it would be in the smoke and at the same time dry out before they took it home. But they left their work, and we

watched the canoe as it came toward us; but, like all young Indians, Fleetfoot could see farther than a white man, and before I could tell that the men in the canoe were Indians my friend said that they were from his village. He told me that the men in the canoe were known as Quickstep and Longrun, because they could so quickly take messages from place to place for their chief.

The canoe was landed close to our boat, and Quickstep came forward to tell us that a warlike tribe of Indians had come into their country and built a village on the bank of a river that emptied into the lake, far to the south of us. This tribe of Indians had sent a messenger to his chief asking him to join them in a war on the white people. Quickstep said that his chief did not want to go to war against his white friends and had ordered him to find Fleetfoot and his brother, and together they must go to the village of the red men and tell them that their chief was not prepared to go to war. They were to find out how many warriors there were among the wild Indians, and if they were armed with guns or had only bows, arrows, and spears to fight with.

I was disheartened after hearing all Quick-

step had to say, for I knew it meant that I could not get to the village to see the white man. I asked Quickstep and Longrun about the white man at their village, but neither of them had seen him. The only thing they knew was that Fleetfoot had brought a man to their hut.

Even if I had known the way to the village, my foot was too sore for me to have walked, and the only thing for me to do was to put my trust in God and go with my friends to the far-away Indian village.

Smoked turtle and alligator meat, with our mandioca meal, was packed away in the boats. Fleetfoot and his brother took their places in the canoe with me, while Quickstep and Longrun, armed with their bows, arrows, and spears, got in their boat. The Indians took up their paddles and, with a heavy heart, I saw the boats shoot from the shore, and we began our long and dangerous journey to the village of the savage red men.

I know you will be interested in our next story.

Ninth Evening.

YOU children will be surprised when I tell you that the Indians began to race for the other side of the lake, and their boats went over the water at such a rapid rate that in a short time we were so far from land that the trees looked as small as bushes. Quickstep's canoe was soon so far ahead of my boat that it looked like a chip floating upon the water. From time to time I took the paddle from one of my companions, so that first one and then the other might rest, and in this way by the middle of the day we had overtaken Quickstep, and passed him. The race was over, for the Indians in the other canoe had worked themselves down and could not more than move their boat along.

In a little while after we had passed Quickstep Fleetfoot gave a shout, for he could see land. We were tired and weary when we reached the shore where a mighty river emp-

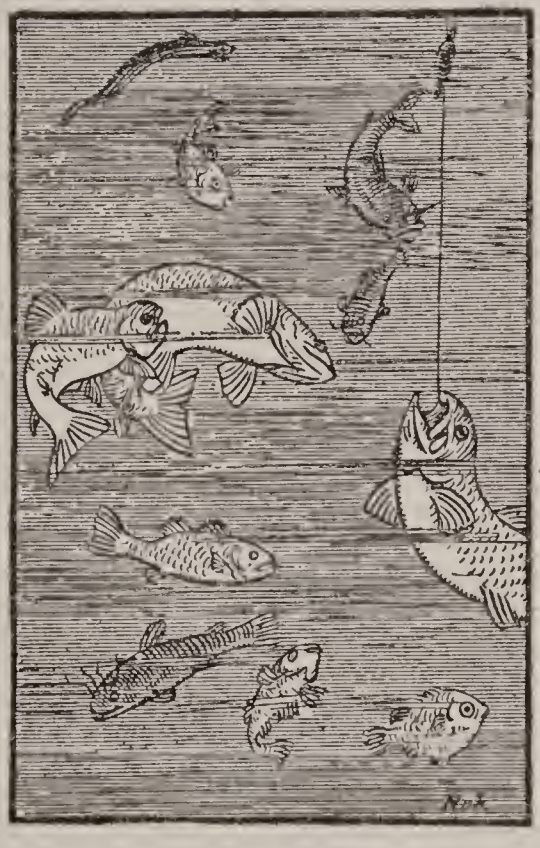
tied into the lake. The moment we landed the Indians plunged into the water for a bath, and after coming out they lay down in the shade and went to sleep.

As soon as the other boat landed Longrun and Quickstep did as the others had done, and I was the only one left on guard. I could see a long way up the river, and here and there a log floated upon the water. Riding on one of these logs was a strange-shaped creature with a horrid-looking head. From where I stood it appeared to me that a number of small snakes had fastened themselves to his head and were wiggling about his face. If the creature had been very large, I should have awakened my companions, but as the log floated nearer to me I saw that the horrid thing was some kind of fish that had climbed up on the log to sun himself and breathe the fresh air. What I had taken to be snakes were long, whiskerlike feelers.

I had never heard of real fish that liked to come out of the water and sun themselves, but I soon learned that more different kinds of strange fish lived in the waters of Brazil than in any other country in the world. I had never seen such a place to fish as at the mouth of this

river, for there had been a long dry spell in that part of the country, and the fish were crowding into the big lakes and rivers for fear the small streams would dry up.

Great numbers of strange-looking fish were playing about near the bank; and as I wanted some for our supper, I threw in my line. They snapped at my hook as soon as it touched the water, and in a little while I had caught enough for our meal.



A GOOD PLACE TO FISH.

I made the Indians get up and build a fire; but when our fish were cooked they had such a dreadful odor, so much like musk, that I preferred to eat the smoked alligator meat we had brought with us.

The Indians were anxious to be on their journey up the river; but I needed some sleep, and I made them watch while I took a nap.

I was awakened with a start, for Fleetfoot and his brother had me between them and were making for the boat. I was pushed into the canoe, and the men shoved the boats from the shore just as a band of Indians rushed between us and the bright fire we had built.

They were big men, with their chins painted red, and with black streaks tattooed on each side of their faces from the corners of their mouths to their temples. We were almost to the middle of the river when they saw us. They shot some arrows at us; and one of the red men jumped into the river to follow our boats, but he had no sooner struck the water than an

AN ALLIGATOR STOPS THE INDIANS.

alligator had him. With their spears between their teeth, the other red men plunged in to save their companion, but we never stopped to see if they killed the alligator.

Fleetfoot told me that the Indians we had seen belonged to a tribe that had no village; for they roamed over the country from place to place, living on fruit, fish, and the wild animals that they killed. This tribe hated the white man because Spanish traders had the habit of stealing or capturing their children and making slaves of them.

Day after day we journeyed up the river, resting during the hot part of the day, but traveling until late in the night. Arriving at a place where there was an old hut on the bank of the river, Quickstep said that some Indians had a village a few miles back from this old hut and that he wanted to visit them and learn from the people all he could about the bad Indians we were on our way to visit.

We hid our canoes, and early in the morning we began our journey through the woods to the Indian village. Our food had almost given out, and it was decided that we would stop at a white man's house on the way and get food. But when we arrived at the place we found that

the house had been burned and that the fields of tobacco, mandioca, Indian corn, rice, and watermelons, together with the orchard of cocoa trees, had been destroyed. The garden of cabbages, onions, and other vegetables had been ruined. We were sure that the Indians who had so nearly captured us had ruined this farm.

We were glad to find at this place a fruit as large as a child's head, the inside of which looked so much like custard that I called it "custard fruit." It should have been eaten with a spoon, but it tasted good even though we had to use our hands instead of spoons in eating it. We had been living on fish and alligator meat so long that we were in no hurry to leave a place where we could get such delicious fruit and a few chickens to eat.

We remained here so long eating fruit and chickens that it was late in the afternoon when we came near the Indian village. The sun was yet shining; but as we were going through a dark, gloomy part of the woods I was startled by the sight of a dreadful-looking monster with red skin and long, shaggy red hair hanging halfway down his back. Following this monster was a manlike creature, who had a head on his shoulders like that of an ox. Other

strange creatures came out of the woods. Some of them looked like jaguars, some like deer, some like tapirs, and some like goats. I felt better when Fleetfoot told me that these horrid-looking creatures were Indians who lived in the village we were going to visit, and that they had gone to the woods and dressed up to look like different kinds of animals, for it was the time of year for them to have what we would call a masquerade party.

We joined the procession and entered the village with the Indians who were dressed up to look like animals. We found men, women, and children in front of their huts watching for the parade. At first they were more surprised and interested in us than in the other part of the parade, but the fun soon began and we were forgotten.

A jaguar would jump at a crowd of children, and with screams they would scatter in every direction. A tapir would catch one of the Indian girls and play that he was going to take her to his home in the forest. A goat would slip up behind some man and butt him over and then run away. And so, hour after hour, the fun went on. Near morning the men dressed as animals went back to the woods and

returned home dressed as the other Indians to join in a big dinner the women had prepared for them.

No woman is allowed to dress up like these men or to masquerade with them; and should one follow them into the woods and see them dress themselves as animals or watch them when they went back to hide their masquerade clothes, she would be put to death. These masquerade parties are secret societies, or clubs, that no woman is allowed to know anything about.

The people in this village were very kind to us; and there being plenty of food, we wanted for nothing. In fact, we were so well treated that my companions were in no hurry to continue our journey.

Although I wanted to get back to my uncle, there were so many strange things for me to see that I did not know how fast the time was passing. In every direction there were pet monkeys grinning at me; parrots fussed and screamed as they climbed about the huts; live birds perched on the shoulders of the Indian women, while lizards played about the girls' necks. I saw the Indian babies fed and each one put in a hammock, where it remained—and

remained quiet — until time to feed it again, while larger children ran about the village doing what they pleased. The men sat in the shade making fancywork of beads, feathers, and shells, and told hunting and fishing stories. The women did all the hard work in the fields. They were making clay pots and pans to be used in cooking. From the forest they brought back the fruit we ate and the wood to cook with. It was well for the women that the bees in that part of Brazil had no stingers, for it was they who had to bring in the honey to make a sour drink for their husbands. The honey the bees make in some parts of Brazil is so sour that in making this drink one part of honey is used with six times as much water, and is then sweetened to taste with sugar, as we make lemonade.

We learned that we were now about three days' journey from the village of the savage Indians, who had such hatred for the white man that they would be sure to kill me and probably kill my companions for being with a white man. These savages are very much afraid of a gun or pistol, so Fleetfoot thought it best for me to go with them to guard the boats and help them, should they get in a fight

with the bad red men. I had no other idea than to go with my companions, and we returned to our boats that we might continue our journey.

It was night when we reached the river. Being a little ahead of the others, I took my seat in one of the boats that had been hidden under the bushes that overhung the water. As I sat there looking at the moon, which was shining as I had never seen it shine, and at the stars, which were brighter than any stars I had ever seen, there came a splash in the water. Looking out over the river, I was startled at seeing just above the surface of the water what appeared to be the head of a huge bull-dog. The ugly thing was swimming right toward my boat, and I took out my pistol to protect myself. But he did not see me. Coming out of the river, he waddled up the bank on his four very short legs. The Indians had seen the animal, and when some one threw a stone at him he disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him. Longrun told me that it was a river dog, or fresh-water seal, and that he lived upon fish and always made a hole in the bank of the river for his home and the home of his young.

The food we had procured from the village was packed away in our canoe; and as the best time to travel in hot countries is on moonlight nights, we pushed our boats out into the river and paddled upstream. It was many hours before we landed our canoes to rest until morning. At sunrise I was awakened by a splashing and plunging in the water. The noise was being made by huge animals that were catching fish. They were of a slate color, about ten feet long, with a head something like that of a hippopotamus, and each one must have weighed as much as a horse. I felt that they could not hurt me, for they had no feet and legs so they could come out of the water. Every time they made a dive for a fish they had to come up to the surface to blow and to breathe, as does the whale.

These animals looked as though they might be good to eat, and I wanted the Indians to spear one, as they had done the alligator; but Fleetfoot would not think of such a thing as killing a stub-nose, or porpoise, as he called them. As we pulled up the river he told me that any one who killed a stub-nose would have bad luck as long as he lived; that any one who burned oil made from the fat of these animals

would go blind; and that, really, a stub-nose was a kind of mermaid. They sometimes turned themselves into beautiful women with long, loose hair hanging down to their heels as they walked through the streets of the village trying to get young men to go down to the river with them. If any fellow were so foolish as to go, a mermaid would grab him around the waist and jump into the water, carrying the young man with her. I knew the Indians believed in such stories, but to me it was nothing more than a fairy tale.

The farther up the river we went, the more watchful we were for savage Indians. Whenever we landed it was in a place where no one could see us or our boats, and we were even afraid to make a fire for fear some Indians might see the smoke. If a bird screamed, or if we heard the yelp or growl of any animal, my companions became quiet that they might better listen in a deathlike silence, for Indians mimic the call of birds and wild animals as signs and signals to each other when they are stealing upon their enemies. So well do they imitate the voices of the birds and animals of the forest that only a man with a well-trained

ear can tell if the sound is made by an Indian or by some creature of the jungle.

As we neared the village we always traveled at night, for fear an Indian might see the white man, and while hiding during the day two men were always on guard.

When Fleetfoot and I were on guard the time did not seem long, for he told me such interesting stories about Brazilian Indians. He said that among some Indians when a man dies all his tools, bows, arrows, spears, war clubs, shell necklaces, and fine feather clothes are put in a pile and set on fire. As they burn, his relatives and friends circle around the fire, crying and wailing as loud as they can. Those who can cry the loudest and longest are considered the best friends, and presents are made to them of the dead man's things that are not to be burned. The friends do not bring flowers as they do in this country when any one dies, but beautiful colored feathers, and while his relatives and companions dance and sing around the dead man his friends glue the feathers onto his body. The leader of the singers will ask the dead man where he has gone and if he is happy. The other singers will answer back: "He is no more;" "It is all over

with him;" "Think no more of him." Then the leader, speaking for the man, will say: "I am in a beautiful land. Give me some tobacco. Put my pipe between my lips. I am in need of nothing, but be sure to place water at my grave." Then the singers in sorrowful voices say: "It is all over with him. It is all over."

At the head and foot of the grave a Y-shaped stake about three feet high is driven into the ground, on which are hung tassels made of feathers and beautiful little toys to keep away ghosts and hobgoblins. A strong rope is stretched from one stake to the other to hold the palm-leaf matting, making a little tent over the grave, and in this little tent some gourds filled with water and some filled with food are placed. Indians who bury their dead in this way believe that the spirits of their loved ones remain about the graves for many days and must have food and water.

Fleetfoot told me that when the savage Indians caught a white man or captured an Indian in war they invited all their friends from other villages to have a big dance and feast off the prisoner. I had never heard of the Indians in North America eating their prisoners; and I hoped that my companion was

mistaken about the savage Indians of Brazil being cannibals, or man-eaters, for I did not enjoy the thought of being eaten, should I be taken prisoner.

We shall now close the story for this evening.

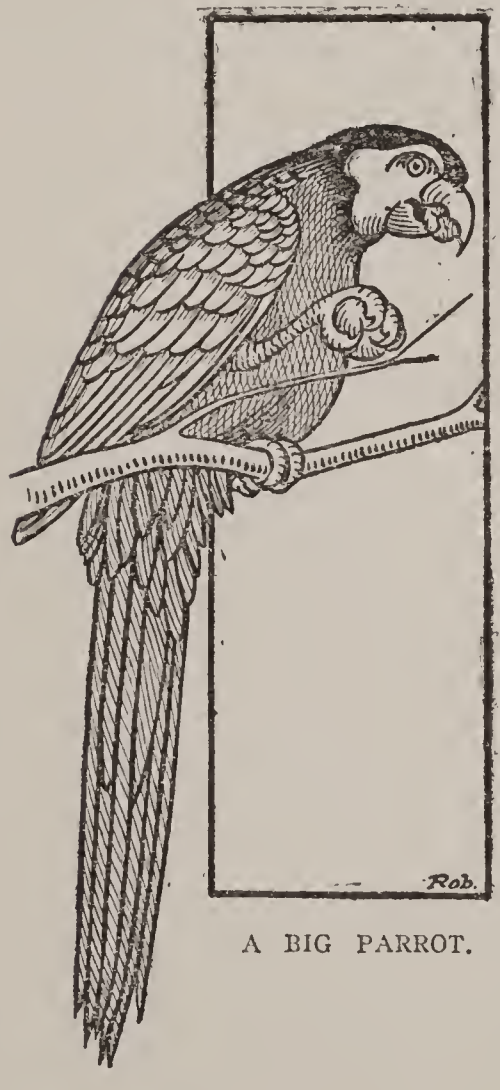
Tenth Evening.

AFTER listening to all the stories that Fleetfoot had told me about the Indians, I can tell you, children, that I did not feel very light-hearted that night when we pushed our boats out into the river.

As the moon came up it made the water look like melted silver flowing through the land. We paddled our boats to the shady side, so we could not be seen, and pulled along with as little noise as possible. It was almost daylight when we selected a place to land and hide our boats, for we were as near the Indian village as I dared to go. It was agreed that I should remain with the boats while my companions walked to the village to deliver the message from their chief and, after having carried out his orders, returned to me.

It took the Indians but a little while to eat their breakfast, pack up some food for the journey, and be off. O! but it was a lonesome

feeling that came over me when I saw them go into the woods, for they expected to be gone three days and two nights. All this time I was to guard the boats—and guard them alone in a Brazilian forest where wild animals and savage red men made their homes. There was some comfort in listening to the beautiful birds as they sang a welcome to the new day, and in watching some of them that had curiosity enough to come close to me that they might see the new kind of animal that had come into the forest or find out what business he had there. I did not watch the birds very long, for I needed rest; and, pulling the bushes close about the boat, I lay down in the bottom of it and was asleep before I could finish my prayers.



A BIG PARROT.

I am sure I would have slept all day, but late in the afternoon I

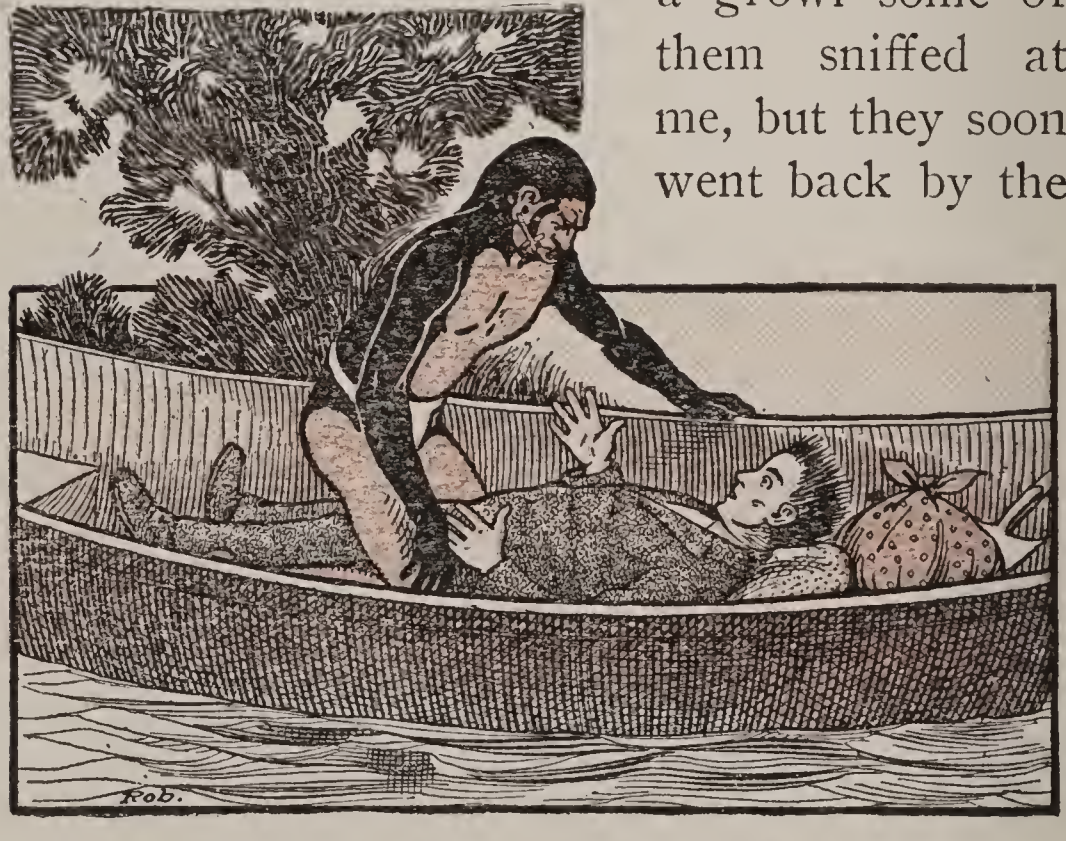
was awakened by something hitting me in the face. And what do you think it was? Perched on a limb over me was a most beautiful parrot eating a palm nut, and it was the shells dropping in my face that awakened me. The bird was about three feet long from his head to the end of his tail, and the feathers on his body were a soft blue; but he had no feathers near his eyes, and the skin was a creamy white. His bill must have been as strong as a vise; for while he could crack the nuts with as much ease as a child would crack a peanut, I had to get a big rock to crack one that he dropped in my boat.

There was nothing for me to do but to be quiet; and when one remains silent and still for a long time on the bank of a river in a great forest, he sees and learns many things about the fish, birds, and animals.

A number of wild ducks swam close to my boat and were diving in the water after food when an ugly alligator floated down and caught one in his big mouth; but the others flew away before they too were caught. A jaguar came to the river to drink; and after catching a big fish that came close to the shore, he returned to the forest. A monkey, with her little one

climbing about her neck, came for water, but a slight noise I made sent them scampering away.

It was nearly dark when an animal sprang out of the bushes and almost landed in my boat. I jumped up to see a deer swimming for the other bank of the river. He looked to me as though he were being chased and took to the water to get rid of the dogs. I was right, for in a little while a pack of dogs came out of the bushes and ran up and down the river bank to find out what had become of the deer. With a growl some of them sniffed at me, but they soon went back by the



I thought "Old Nick" had me.

way they had come. I was afraid to go to sleep, for with dogs chasing a deer I was sure that Indians were following. But I hoped that when the dogs came back from the chase the Indians would return to their homes.

About daybreak I fell asleep; and when I opened my eyes I thought "Old Nick" had me, for kneeling in the boat right over my body was a naked creature that was as scary-looking as the "old boy" will ever get to be. This monster's face was painted red, and from the corners of his mouth to his temples was painted a broad black band. His neck and body were painted black, but his chest and legs were a bright red. As he caught me by the hands he made a sound like some wild animal, and at this, two creatures like himself, with long hair as coarse as a horse's tail hanging down their backs, sprang to the side of the boat, pulled it close to the shore, and quickly lifted me out. My hands were tied behind me; and while one man stood guard, the other Indians took everything out of the boat. Then they pushed the boat out into the water, and it floated down the river. They built a fire, cooked our meat, made bread of the mandioca meal, and, like wild, hungry beasts, ate everything that could

be eaten but me. I felt that my time would soon come. The only reason they did not eat me was because they had found enough in the boat to satisfy their hunger.

They were big, strong men, but were as quick as a cat in all their movements. They made me march with them, Indian file, with one man in front and two behind me. After a long, hard march we arrived in sight of Indian huts, and the dogs that came out to meet us warned all the people by their loud barking that the hunters had arrived.

Upon entering the village, the men untied my hands and let me go with only one guard. All the men, women, and children crowded about me to see what I looked like, for many of them had never seen a white man, and but few white men had ever seen such a sight as was before me.

The wild men and children wear no clothes in this hot country, and the only thing the women had on was a kind of sash or apron made of bark. In place of wearing clothes, it was the custom among them to paint their bodies in keeping with the style of the village and try to outshine each other. No two persons were painted in the same pattern—one

having black rings painted around his brown body from his shoulders to his knees. Another had his face painted black with red lines running across it, while his body was dotted over with red, white, and black spots. One young warrior had his chest painted white and his body and legs painted black, which made him look as if he had on a white shirt and a black suit. Both men and women wore their front hair cut off straight across their foreheads, so that in some cases the "bangs" almost covered their eyes. The nicer-looking men and women had their back hair braided and hanging down their backs, with a bunch of beautifully colored feathers fastened on the end of the braid. All the men and women had holes in their ears, and they wore for ear ornaments reeds six or eight inches long and as large around as the little finger. On the front end of the reed was a pretty shell with red feathers set around it. Every man and boy had a hole in his lower lip as large around as his thumb, and in this he wore a button made of shell or some other ornament that was often so heavy that it pulled the lip down.

I noticed that all the young people were freshly painted, and that all wore ornaments

that Indians think make them look beautiful. The thought occurred to me that these people had put on their party finery and were making ready for a feast.

At sunset the Indian band gathered in front of the chief's home. A large fire was built, the band began to play, and the people of the village made a circle around the fire and began dancing and singing. At first the singing was more like a moan or a groan; but as the dance went on the dancers became more and more noisy, and the crowd about me left to join in the fun.

The band was making more fuss than ever. The dancers were shouting and yelling like madmen when an Indian, unlike the others, rushed into the crowd. This man jeered and made fun of the dancers. He scolded them, danced with them, tripped the dancers, and caused so much confusion and excitement that my guard forgot me and went toward the dancers to better see what was going to happen. I felt some one grab me by the arm and pull me away. My first thought was that they had come to get me for the feast, and I was about to shoot the man who had me when I saw that it was Fleetfoot. The next moment my guard

was upon us, but Fleetfoot cracked him over the head with a club and he fell as if dead.

Every one in the village was now so taken up with the dance that we were not missed; and with Fleetfoot to guide me, we never stopped going until morning. Through the wood we could see the sparkling of water; and, finding a stream, we plunged in for a bath. By keeping close to the bank we could walk in the water, but sometimes we swam a little so as to leave no tracks. Coming to a bluff, we crawled into a hole in the rocks and, being almost dead for the want of food and rest, we were both asleep in a few minutes. When I awoke, Fleetfoot was standing by me with some kind of fruit from a palm tree that he gave me to eat.

At our next meeting I will tell you of what happened to us.

Eleventh Evening.

I CANNOT find words to tell you how good that fruit tasted to a hungry and thirsty boy. But I was anxious to know how Fleetfoot happened to be in the village without the other Indians, for up to this time we had spoken but few words. He told me that when Quickstep delivered his message the chief of the wild men got very angry and told our Indians to go back to their chief and bring him word that they would help him fight the white man; and to make sure that they would bring back the answer he wanted, the chief said he would hold Fleetfoot until they returned with the message. I had no sooner arrived in the village than Fleetfoot heard that a white man had been captured; and while he did not want the Indians to find out that he was my friend, he began to plan for an escape.

The day before I arrived these savages had brought in an Indian who belonged to a tribe

they were fighting, and for two days they had been getting ready to feast on the captive. Fleetfoot tried to get the Indian to escape with us, but the man belonged to a tribe that thought only cowards ran away from those who captured them. Although this Indian knew that he was to be killed and eaten at the feast, he had rushed into the crowd of dancers, danced with them, and teased his enemies that he might be called a brave man. He would rather have it said that he "died game" than to make his escape, save his life, and be called a coward by his people. I never before heard of a man acting like this, and as we walked down the stream I told my friend that I would rather be a real live donkey and let people ride me than to be a dead lion praised for what I had been. I told Fleetfoot how I had been captured by the Indians, that they had cut one of our boats loose, and that it was floating down the river the last I had seen of it.

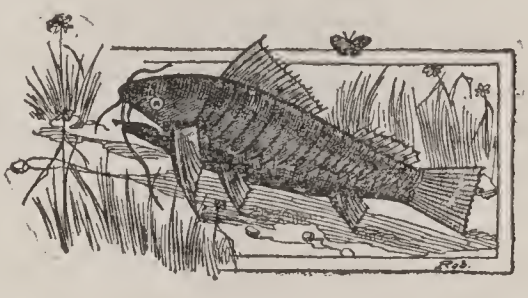
Up to this time we had been in the shade as we made our way down the stream, hoping as we went that it emptied into the big river we came up. But now we came to a barren part of the country where the grass was like parched straw, it had been so long since it had rained.

For want of food I felt too weak to go farther, but Fleetfoot urged me not to give up. If we could get to the big river, we might head off our friends and go home with them; but if we did not hurry, they would go on down the river, and the bad Indians would again capture us. With this thought before me I tried hard to go on walking in the water, as it cooled my feet and we left no tracks. But at last I had to stop and rest. Fleetfoot then went in search of food, but returned with only a snake.

I had heard of people eating snakes, but I never thought I could eat snake meat. However, I was now so nearly starved that I had changed my mind, and the snake meat did not seem so bad as I had thought it would.

I built a fire, though it was a dangerous thing to do, for the Indians might see the smoke. While Fleetfoot was cooking the snake I heard a slight noise and then a splash in the stream. My first thought was of the Indians; and I pulled out my pistol, for I did not intend that we should be captured without a hard fight. In the direction from which the sound came the tall parched grass was moving as though some one was crawling through it. Then—I could not believe my eyes, for I saw

one fish after another come out of the dry grass and jump into the water. The moment my companion saw the fish he picked up his club and began killing them before they could reach the water, there being a long line of them coming across the open country. They were South American catfish; and they were not only having a hard struggle to make their way over the dry land through weeds and grass, but birds that live on fish were picking them up as they floundered along.



FISH TRAVELING OVER THE LAND.

As we cooked and ate the fish I thought that we had been as much favored as the children of Israel had been when food called manna had been sent them from heaven to keep them from starving while wandering about in the desert. But Fleetfoot told me it often happened that when fish of this kind found the lake or stream they were in was about to go dry they all came out and made their way to water in some other part of the country. It made no difference how far it was from them, they always traveled toward the water, and had never

been known to go in the wrong direction when hunting for a new home.

As we might not again have such a chance to get food, we smoked some of the fish to take with us. We hurried on down the stream, since I now felt much better. Before night we came to a place where the stream was as wide as a big river, but shallow and clear. We waded on and on down this pebble-bottomed stream until we found a hiding place to spend the night.

The next morning I awoke before Fleetfoot and decided to take a bath before he got up. As I stepped into the shallow water that sparkled in the bright sunlight I caught sight of something among the pebbles on the bottom of the stream that looked like pieces of glass. "Diamonds!" I thought; and, getting a handful of the sand and gravel, I picked out all the bright-looking stones. But when they got dry they did not look as bright as they did when under the water; yet I felt sure that they must be diamonds, as there was no glass in that part of the country. I forgot about the bad Indians and, in fact, everything else except the bright little stones I had found. Some of them were as large as a small bird's egg, others were the size of a cherry seed. I had found a double

handful and put them in my hat when a splash in the water made me look around, and there lay Fleetfoot in the stream with the water running over his red body. He was rolling over and over toward me in the shallow water like a child rolls over on the floor. I made him get up and look at what I had found, and he at once began to hunt for the bright little stones, saying the white traders would give anything for them. I must have found a place where the water had washed many of them together into a kind of pocket, for it was only after a long search that either of us found another one. Fleetfoot made a matting out of some long grass, and we placed this on the bottom of the stream and raked the sand and gravel over it; then, lifting the matting out of the water, we took it to the shore and looked all through the sand for diamonds, sometimes finding one, but more often we did not.

If all the stones I had were diamonds, I had enough to make me rich; but I was greedy for more, and we worked nearly all day. But at last Fleetfoot said he had all he wanted and that we had better go to the river; that the diamonds would not do us any good if the savage Indians overtook us.

It must have been about eleven o'clock that night when we came to the mouth of the stream, and, as my companion had hoped, it emptied into the river that we had gone up. We now had little doubt that our friends had gone by on their way home, but we decided to spend the night here and in the morning begin our long journey on foot back to the lake. Fleetfoot was to stand guard while I slept, as it would never do for both to go to sleep at the same time, for we felt that our enemies were watching the river, knowing we would try to go home the same way we had come.

I was on guard at daylight when I discovered that the Indians were surrounding us. I shook Fleetfoot, and he sprang to his feet as the red men closed in on us from all sides. The bushes and trees prevented them from shooting us with their arrows, but it was a matter of a few minutes when they would use their spears. Knowing that these Indians were afraid of guns and pistols, I took aim at one crawling toward us and fired. With a howl he ran back into the woods, and we started on a run down the river. Coming to a place where there were no trees, we saw that they were following us. I thought I should be killed by their arrows, so

I turned and took one shot after another at our enemy, driving them back to the woods. To throw them off our track we swam the river, and had made our way to a point where the river made a sharp bend, when we saw twelve or fifteen Indians plunge into the water and swim for our side. As there could be no better place to fight them than while they were in the water, we hid and waited for them.

Hoping to scare these savage men, I fired when they were in the middle of the river, the bullet splashing in the water near one of them. But they did not turn back. On they came, and I fired again. This time one of the men sank under the water, and when he came up he swam with only one hand. I tried to reload my pistol, but it was so badly rusted that before I could get it loaded the Indians were almost on our side of the river. Five times I snapped it, but it would not fire. The sixth time it went off with a bang, but the bullet splashed again in the water, and on they came.

Things were looking very bad for us. Some of the enemy's best swimmers were on the bank, and my pistol would not work. We started to run when we heard the report of a rifle and one of the Indians went down; another

crash, and a ball cut the water. But by this time the Indians were on the bank, and rifle balls were falling thick and fast about them. Those who could ran for the underbrush and took up the river. We were safe now, we felt, for two boats loaded with men had turned the

THE BOATS CAME JUST IN TIME.

bend and were coming up the river. They had seen the wild men in the water, had heard the report of my pistol, and had seen the bullets splash in the water near the Indians. Believing a white man must be in danger, they had opened fire on the savages.

The men in the boats were Spaniards, negroes, and good Indians. The Spaniard in charge of the men told us that they were diamond hunters, and that they were going up a

stream that emptied into the river not far from where we then were to hunt diamonds. They told us that they had seen a boat that had drifted against the shore in the bend of the river, which made them believe that white men or good Indians had been killed by the savages.

I told the Spaniard all I knew about the country we had been over and about the village of savage Indians, but I did not say a word about the diamonds I had found.

Our new friends gave us as much food as they could spare and showed us the boat they had seen. As we suspected, it was our boat, the one that the Indians had let float down the river when they captured me. Fleetfoot made two paddles, gathered some fruit, and, putting it in the boat with our other food, we told our friends good-by and started down the river.

By taking turn about keeping our boat in the middle of the river, we traveled night and day, but we did not overtake Quickstep until we had almost reached the lake. He told Fleetfoot that when he returned to the boats and found one gone he thought I had been forced to leave to keep the savages from capturing me, and that from day to day he had expected to see me until he had lost hope.

I was delighted that we had arrived at the lake. While I was anxious to see my uncle, I thought that the Indians should take a rest for a day; but they wanted to get home, so we paddled on across the lake.

At our next meeting I will tell you about the village where Fleetfoot lived.

Twelfth Evening.

NOW, children, it was just before sundown when we arrived at the village, and all the people came down to the lake to welcome us.

O! but I was glad to see my Uncle Will again. His arm was in a sling; but he told me that it had given him no trouble, and that, as the Indians were as good to him as people could be, he intended to remain in the village until he got well. He said that word had reached there that a white boy who had been on the wrecked boat had gone with the messenger Indians to the village of the savage red men, and from what he could understand from one of the Indians who could speak a little English he hoped that I was the boy.

I told my uncle of all the adventures I had had on the journey and how I just did escape from being eaten by the savages. After we had gone to our hut I told him about finding

the diamonds, and his eyes opened wider and wider as I took handful after handful of the little stones out of my pockets and put them in my old hat. I thought that he would be satisfied when he saw all these riches, but he said

I SHOW MY DIAMONDS.

that after I had a long rest and his arm got well we would get the Indians to go with us to search for some more of the precious little stones. I told him that, as I had found enough diamonds to make us both rich, we should not

be greedy and had better let well enough alone. The only reply my uncle made was that we had better go to supper, but I could see that he had made up his mind to go back to the place where I had found the diamonds. At the same time I made up my mind that I did not care to risk being eaten by the savages, especially when I had all the diamonds I wanted.

We had a supper of turtle, fish, turtle eggs, and mandioca bread, with black coffee. I found that all the Indians in this village were very kind-hearted. Every man, woman, and child wanted to shake hands with me, and for days I spent the time in going about among them learning all I could. I noticed that these people did not have the dark copper color of the North American Indians. The skin of the Brazilian Indian is a clear olive brown, reminding one more of the Chinaman than of the Indian.

Every day I visited a very old man who each day sat at the doorway of his hut, and all the children who followed me would put out their hands for the old man's blessings. The children in this village loved their parents; and whenever a son or daughter of this old man came by his door, although some were quite

old men and women, they stopped and kissed his hand. Such love and kindness among these people surprised me; but in talking to the old man I learned that at one time all the Indians were savages, and that only the Indians who had lived among white people and had schools and churches became kind and loving.

The Indian children were allowed to go about as they pleased, and they all seemed to be such good children that their parents seldom had to whip them; but when they did, the child did not cry. And another strange thing about these children is that they never laugh. They only grin when something funny happens. I never saw a girl with a doll; but the boys had bows and arrows, which they used to kill fish and small game, for they were allowed to go hunting or fishing whenever they liked.

The parent Indians do not seem to love their children like white people. It may be that we think this because they never pet their little ones. The babies will lie all day in their hammock cradles, watching everything that goes on, but seldom grin or cry. They do not cry for things they see; and if you give them a toy, they look at it, then just let it fall. White babies will take a toy, look at it, stick it in their

mouths, then drop it on the floor and cry to get it back.

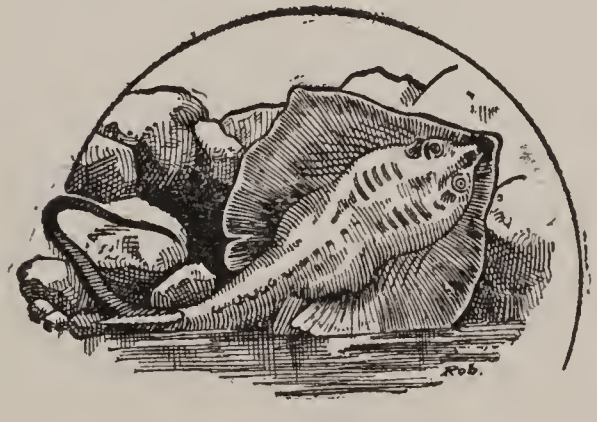
The old Indian told us about the flat-footed dwarf who, as he believed, lived on the hot, sandy plains of Brazil. He has only one foot, but it is so big that he can use it as an umbrella, lying down on his back and holding his big foot over himself as a shelter from the rain or sun. It is so wide and long that he can hop over the soft, marshy places and not sink down into the mud and water.

From where we were seated I could see children feeding and playing with otters near the bank of the lake. One of the large boys had waded far out into the lake, and, as I was afraid he would be drowned, I kept watching him. Directly the boy threw up his hands with a horrible yell that startled the old Indian and caused all the children to run to the shore. A man jumped into a boat and went after the boy, who was trying to get back to land. As we went toward the lake to see what the trouble was, the old Indian said: "I suppose a sting ray fish has hurt that boy with his sharp stinger. If it has, he may be a cripple for life."

The man got the boy into the boat, and when they reached the land we could see that the boy

was bent almost double from the great pain. He had a frightful, jagged cut on his leg, from which the blood was streaming. The Indian took the child home, but soon returned with his older brothers. Each one had a long spear, and they at once got into the boat. The old Indian called to them to take me with them, at the same time telling me to go with the boys and see them kill the sting ray.

I got into the boat, and slowly and gently they moved over the water to the spot where the boy had thrown up his hands. The water at that point was a little muddy, but as we circled out farther and farther we could see the bottom. It was not, however, until we had circled some distance from the muddy water that I saw two golden-colored eyes looking up at us. The sting ray was lying stretched out flat on the mud in the bottom of the lake. The water was not deep; and when I called to the Indians to look at those strange eyes, down went their spears. The fish tried



THE DREADFUL STING RAY.

to dash away, beating the water with his long, whiplike tail. But it was of no use, for he could not tear the barbed spears from his body. There was a little blood and plenty of mud in the water now. We could no longer see the fish, but he was so quiet that we knew he must be dead. The Indians held to the spear handles, and I began pulling the boat to the shore, where we finally landed the dead fish.

As the fish lay spread out on the bank he reminded me of a big palm leaf with a long round tail for a stem. His back was a grayish yellow shading to a blue tint, and the under part of his body was a yellowish white. He had a long, smooth, whiplike tail that he could use like a horsewhip. About halfway down his tail there was a long daggerlike bone with a sharp point and cutting teeth on both edges, which he uses like a saw after wrapping his whiplike tail around an animal and pulling it to this stinger. The wound that it makes is so dreadful that it will sometimes kill a man. This fish is not good to eat, so the Indians cut this one up for bait.

I went back home with my old friend, and found that some of his children had left him a nice string of fish and a bucket of mandioca

meal. The old man kindled a fire on the stone hearth in his little kitchen and began getting dinner. He wanted me to eat with him; and I was glad to stay, for I had learned to like mandioca meal and wanted to find out how it was made, so I asked him about it.

"It is made," he said, "from the root of a bush that the white people call cassava. By and by I will go with you to where the women are preparing mandioca, or cassava, meal. I also want to kill a certain kind of snake and get its poison to relieve the pain of the poor boy that was wounded by that sting ray this morning."

The sun was hot that afternoon when we started to hunt snakes and to see the women make mandioca meal, but fortunately our path led through the woods. As the birds were silent, the only sound heard was the murmur of the streams on their way to the lake. The air was sweet with the perfume from the palm blossoms, and the gentle breeze that moved their leaves made the sunlight change their dark green to a silver shade and then green again.

We had to walk slowly, for the old Indian was not very active, and from time to time we

stopped to turn a log or some brush to look for the kind of snake he wanted to kill. Sometimes we would pass a place where the trees had been cut down, and the finest pineapples I ever saw were growing in the open spaces. At other places I saw the most magnificent castor plants. They were as large as some of our trees, and are raised for their beans, out of which castor oil is made.

We soon came to a field of mandioca bushes. They were five or six feet high, with palmlike leaves of a bluish green. The Indians have no plows to cultivate their fields, but they plant the roots of mandioca in holes that they dig in the ground. When full grown the roots are taken up and put into a pond of water, where they remain three or four days, then the outer skin is easily peeled off. After soaking in water, the smell is dreadful and the juice is a deadly poison; but women and girls take them out and carry them in baskets to a place where the tough, poisonous skin is stripped off and the roots are thrown into a trough. This trough is made from a hollow log, and women stand there, grating the mandioca through copper graters. When I first saw them grating these roots I thought they were scrubbing

clothes on a washboard. The grated roots are rubbed through sieves and then packed in long, stockinglike bags made of palm strings. All the juice is then squeezed out in a vessel, and the starch that settles to the bottom is used for making tapioca. After this is done, the mandioca is taken from the bags and put over a fire in big earthen pans, which dries out the mandioca and destroys the poison. It now tastes like sweet parched corn. The women then pack the meal into baskets and take it home, for as a food mandioca meal is to them what flour and potatoes are to us.

It was quite late in the afternoon when we reached the village, and in front of some of the huts old women were making beautifully colored hammocks. It being Saturday, the young men and women were getting ready for Sunday, and the girls had their dresses hung out to sun. Many of the dresses were made entirely of feathers of the most beautiful colors and shades. I thought they would be very hot in that climate on one who during the week wore so few clothes, but the old Indian said that the girls think they look fine in their feather dresses because the birds that wore the plumage were so beautiful.

Indians were coming into the village from every direction. Those from the woods had game and fruit, while those from the lake had fish. They stopped at the huts of the old people and, with a kind word, divided their game.

Thus day after day passed, each day bringing something of wonderful interest to me until my uncle thought that his arm was well enough for him to go in search of diamonds. He tried to get some of the Indians to go with him; but Fleetfoot had told his people what bad men the savage Indians were, and my uncle could not get any one to go with him. So he had to give up his plan to search for diamonds and made arrangements for boats and men to take us back to Para.

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